

GOLD



KEY

THE JETSONS

12c

HANNA-BARBERA

# *The* JETSONS









Hanna-Barbera *The* **JETSONS**

# ONCE UPON A TIMEBELT

Comet FLY-IN Theater

LOOK... A BEE CAUSED GENERAL MUSTARD'S BUGLER TO BLOW WHEN HE WASN'T COMMANDED TO BLOW!

BOY, THESE TRUE FEATURES ARE BETTER THAN FICTION!



WE KNOW FROM HISTORY THAT THE GENERAL WON THIS DECISIVE BATTLE!



...HAD THEY WAITED ANY LONGER TO ATTACK, THE INJUNS PROBABLY WOULD HAVE WON!



AND HAD THE INJUNS WON...OUR COUNTRY MIGHT LOOK MUCH DIFFERENT TODAY!

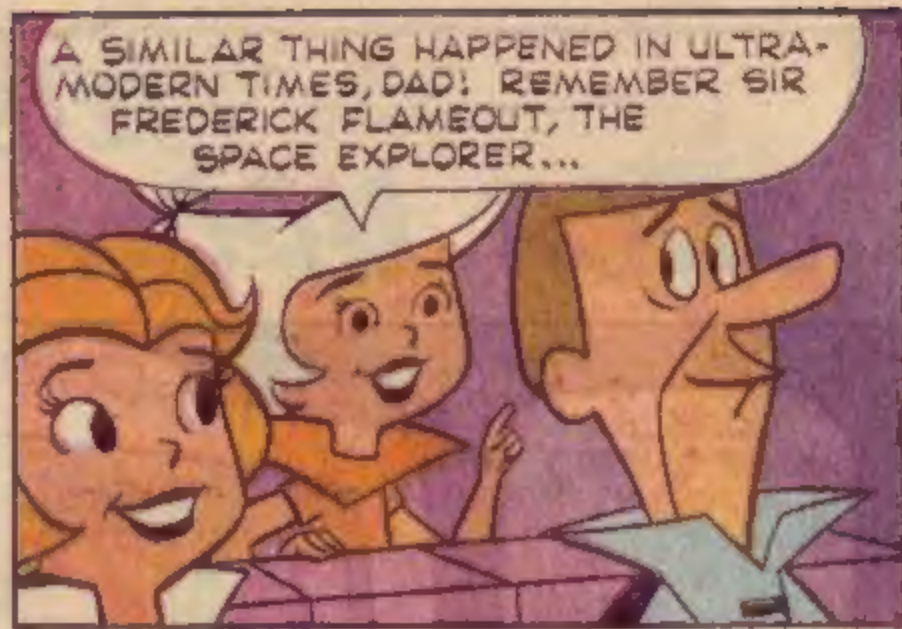
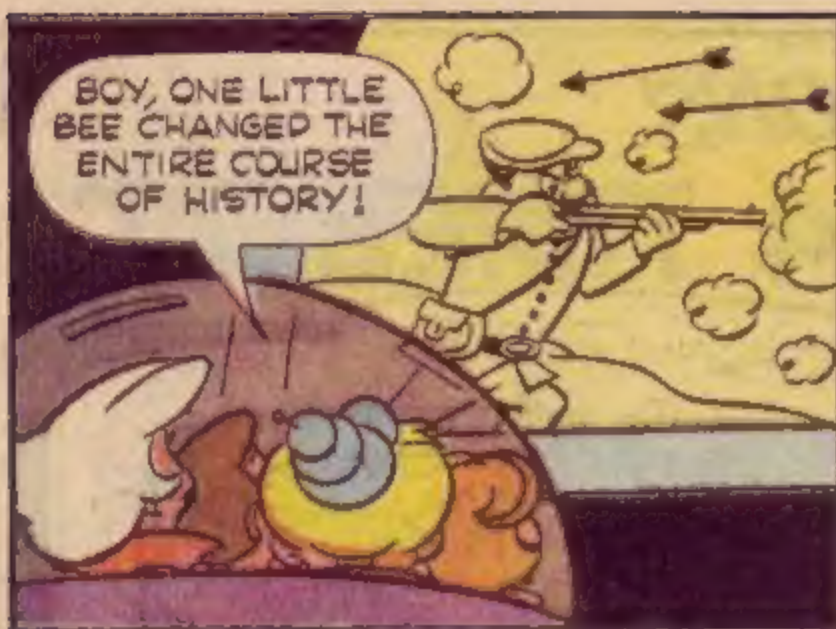


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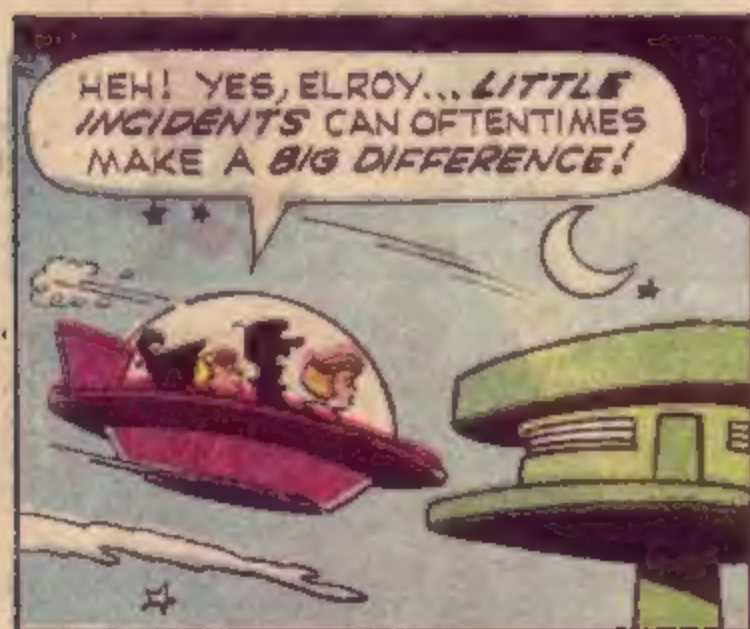
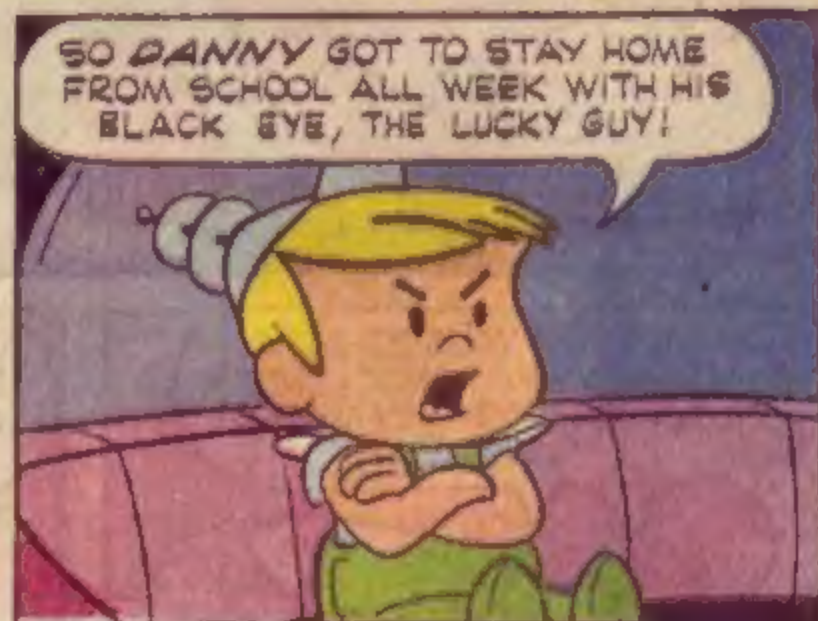
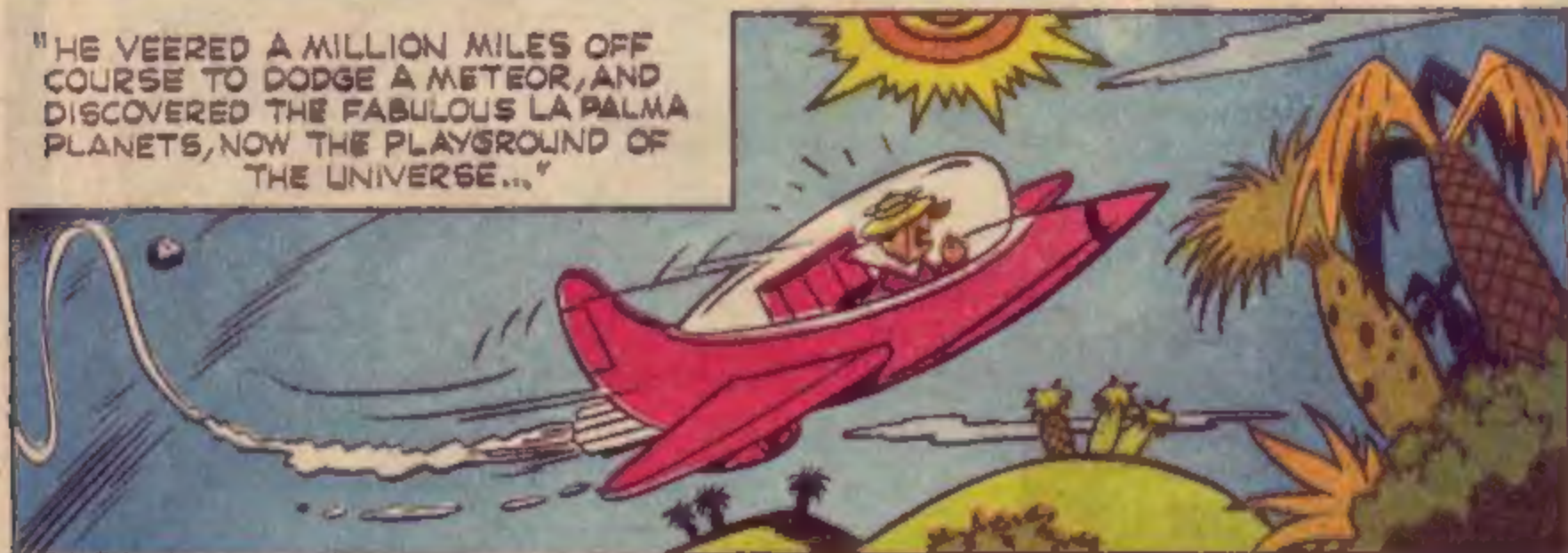


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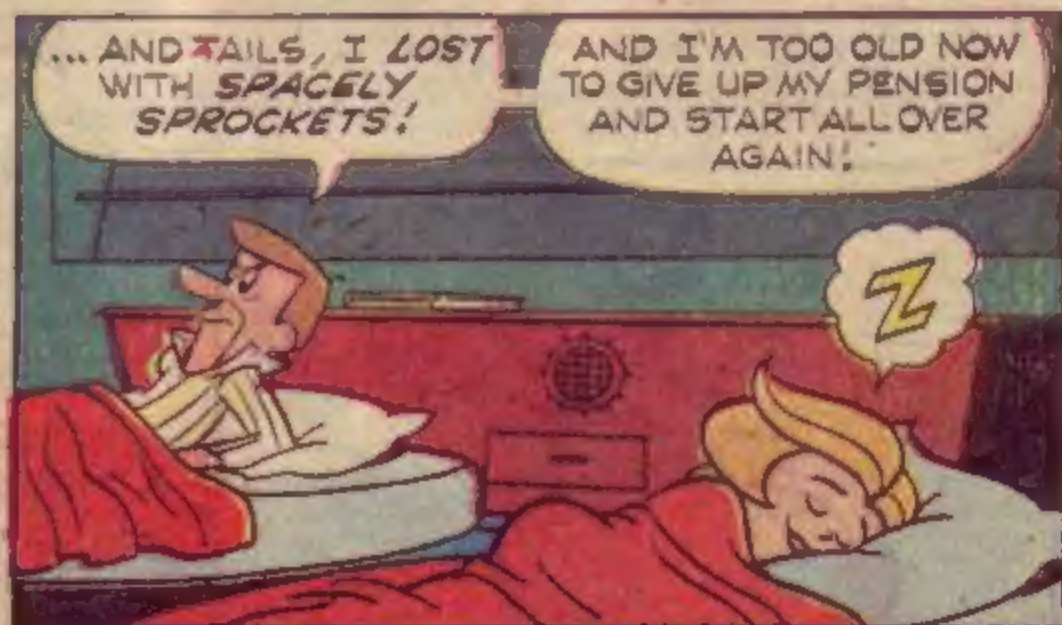
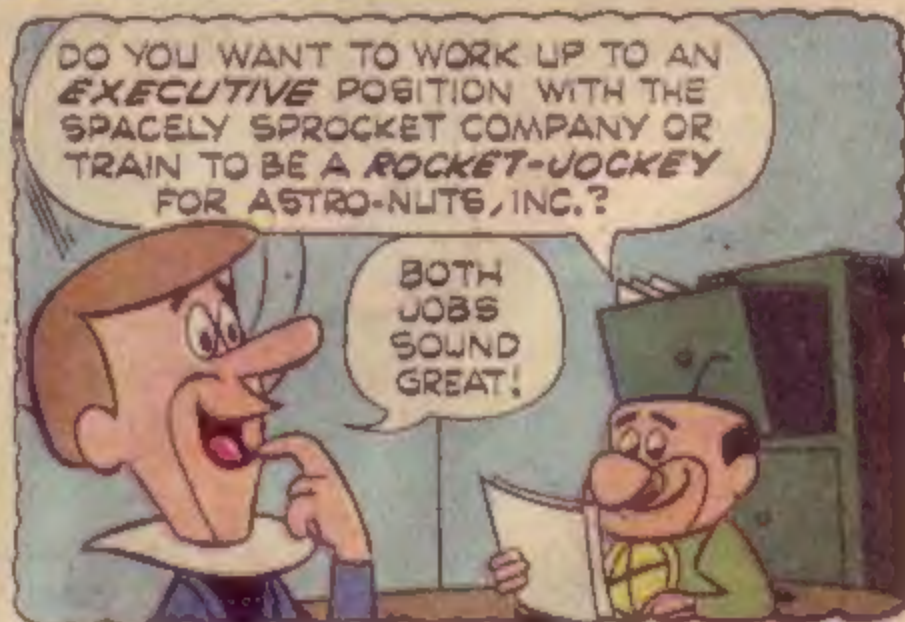
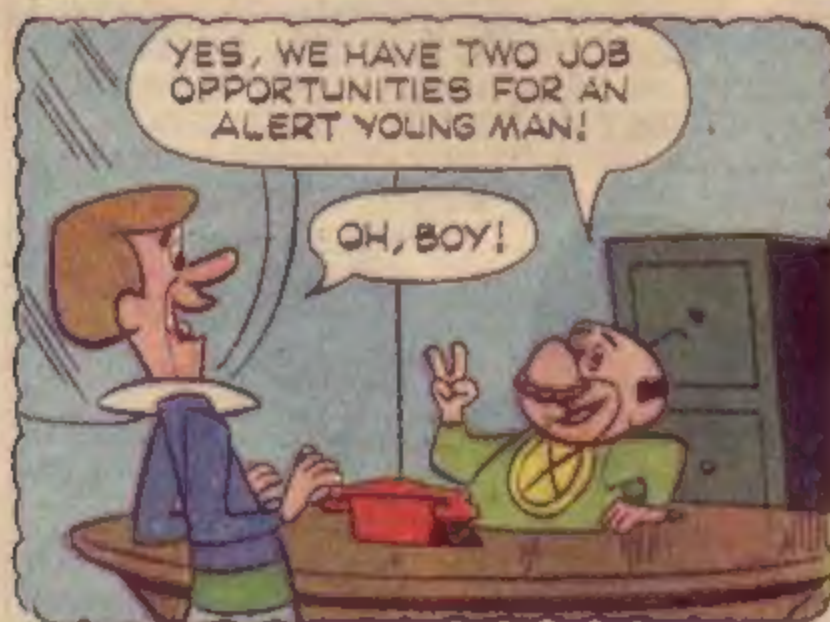
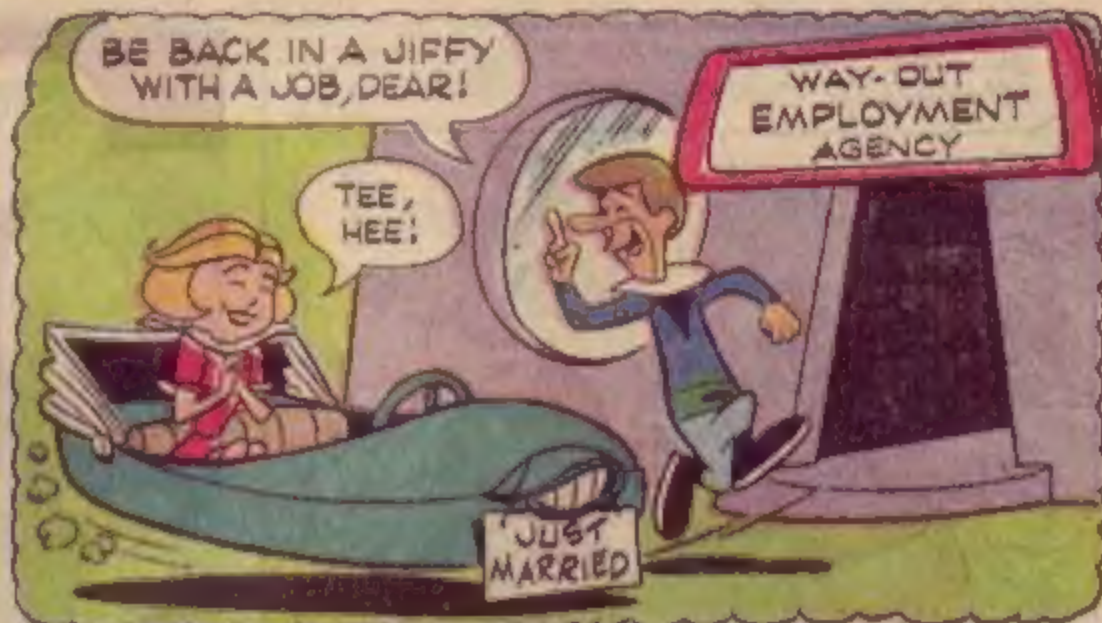
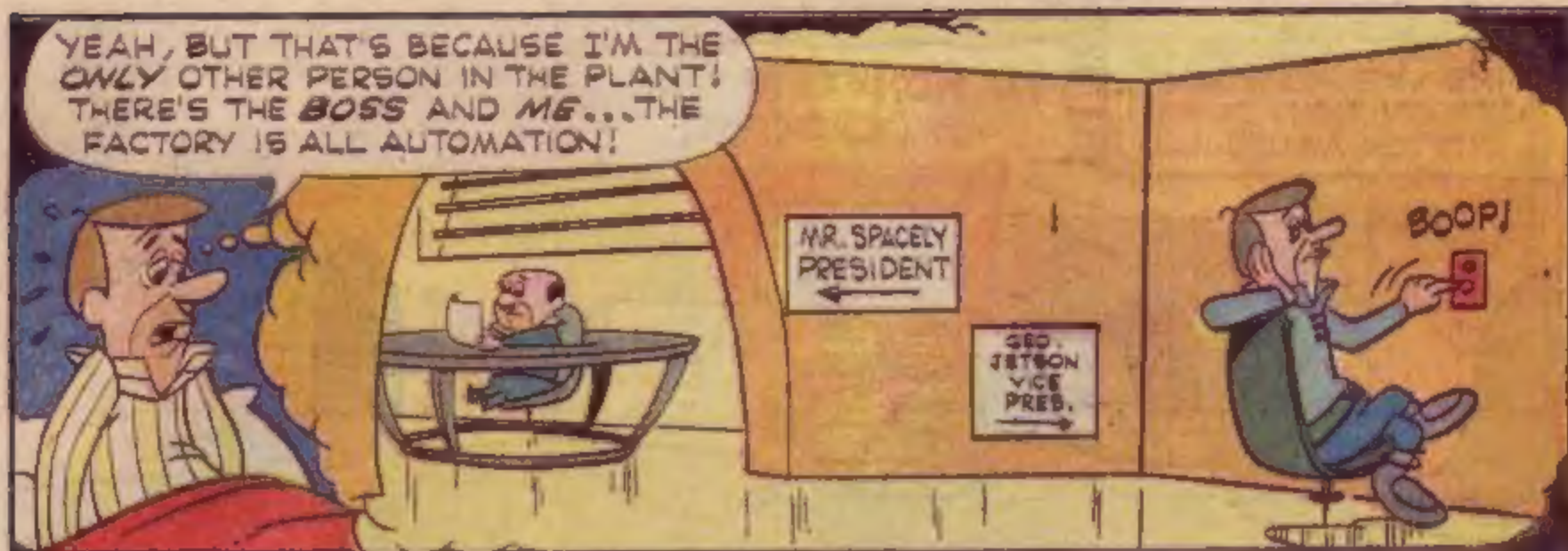




"HE VEERED A MILLION MILES OFF COURSE TO DODGE A METEOR, AND DISCOVERED THE FABULOUS LA PALMA PLANETS, NOW THE PLAYGROUND OF THE UNIVERSE..."









THE NEXT MORNING WE FIND VICE PRESIDENT JETSON RIGHT ON HIS BUTTON, AS USUAL...

NO, NO, NO!! GO AWAY, YOU CRACKPOT!

BOOP!



BUT, SIR... MY *TIMEBELT BACKTRACK MACHINE* CAN BE VERY USEFUL...

GOOD-BY, LOONEY!



SURELY YOU DON'T THINK YOU CAN TURN BACK TIME ...ER, DO YOU?

OF COURSE, I CAN!



BUT EVERYBODY'S SO *PROGRESSIVE* NOWADAYS THAT THEY SCOFF AT THE IDEA OF GOING *BACKWARDS*!

EVERBODY BUT *ME*, PAL!

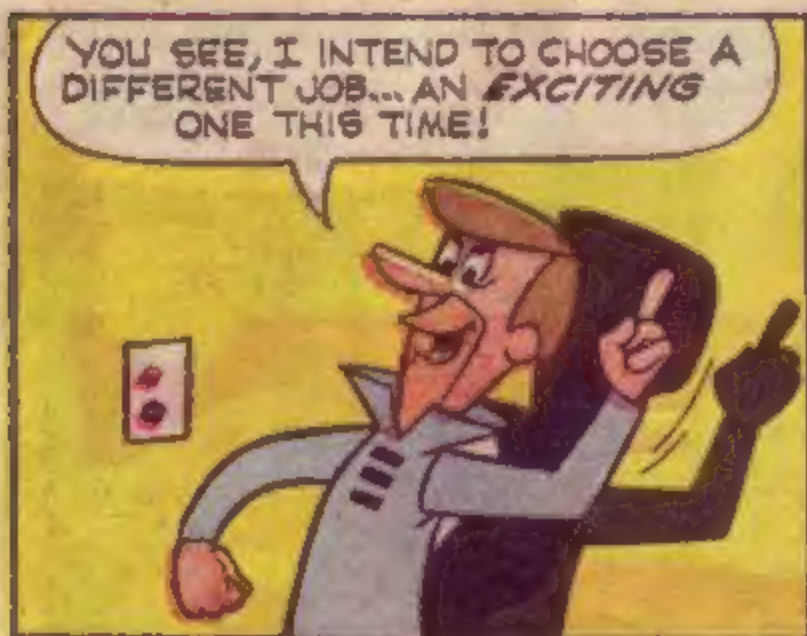


YOU'LL *BUY* MY MACHINE?

NO, BUT I'LL BE A GUINEA-PIGGY TO PROVE TO THE WORLD THAT BACK-TRACKING *CAN* BE PROGRESSIVE!



YOU SEE, I INTEND TO CHOOSE A DIFFERENT JOB... AN *EXCITING* ONE THIS TIME!



AND SO...

READY?

YEP! SHOOT ME BACK TO MAY 20TH, 2041 A.D.!





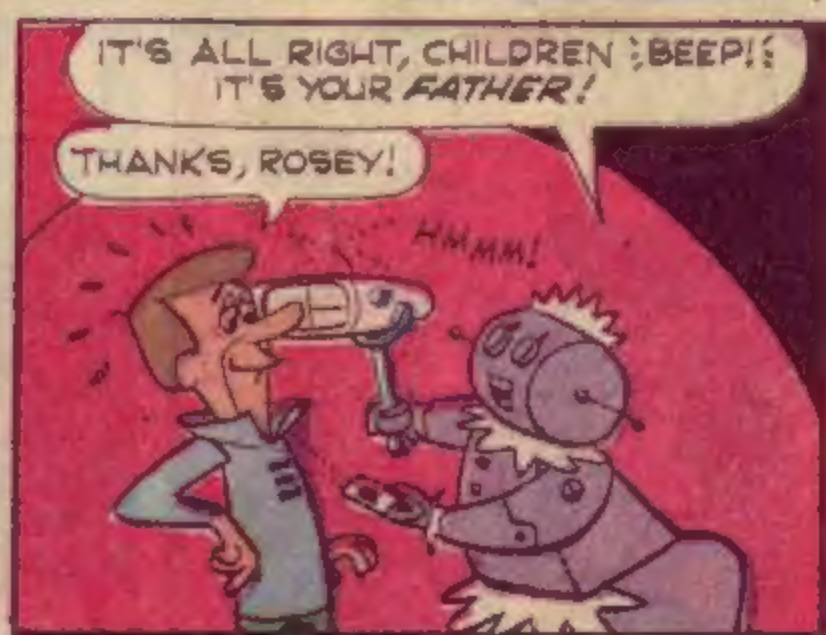
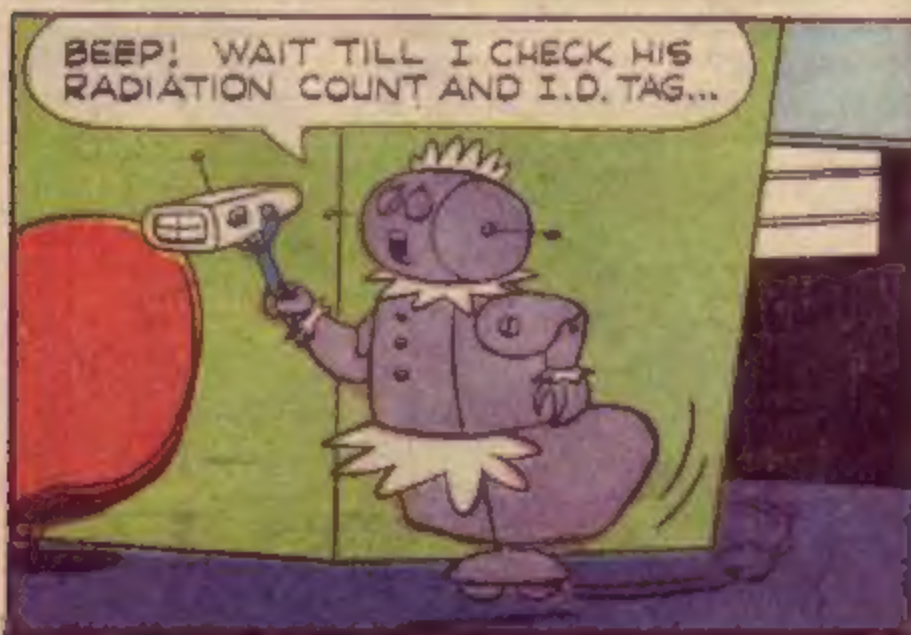
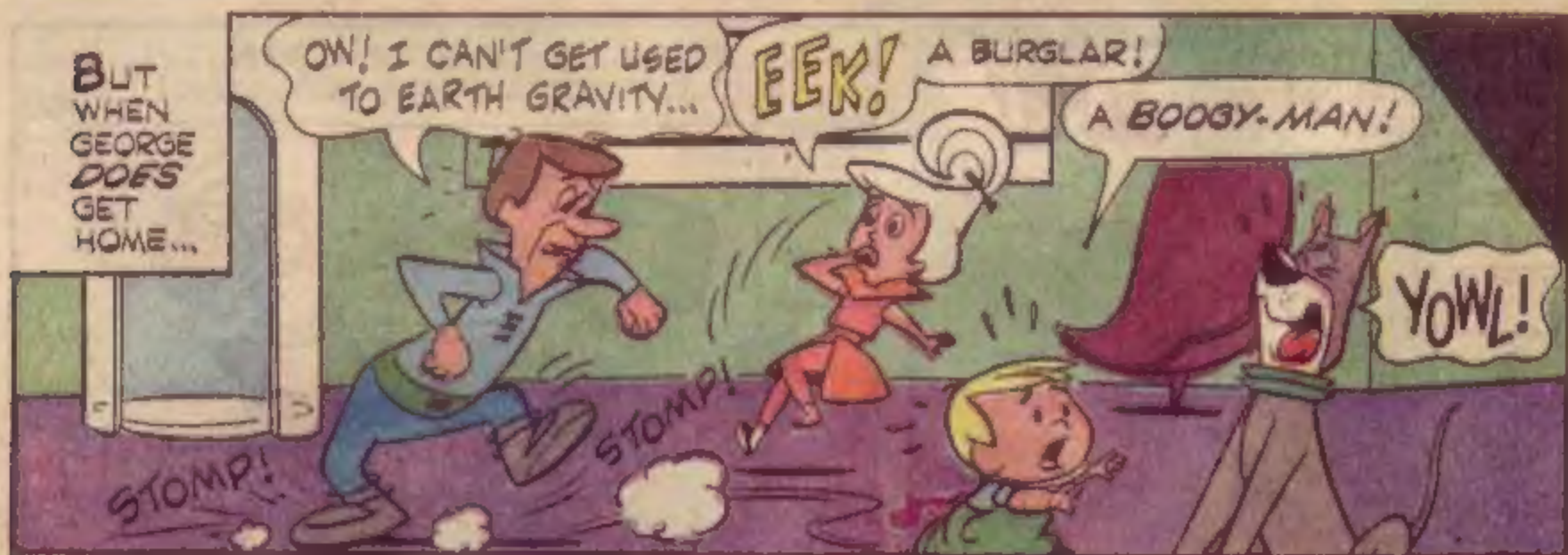




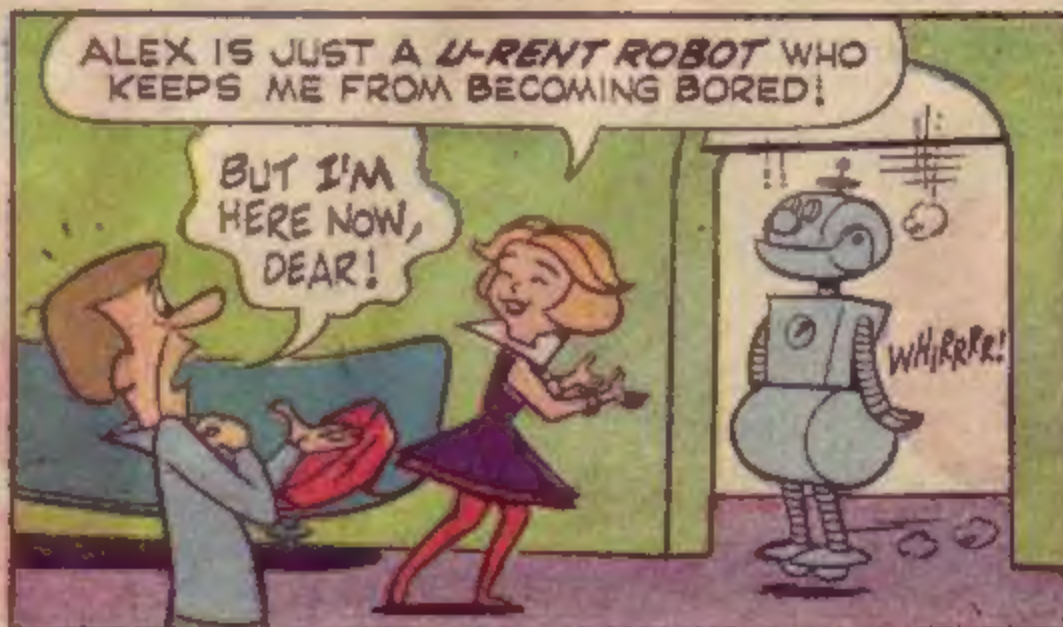




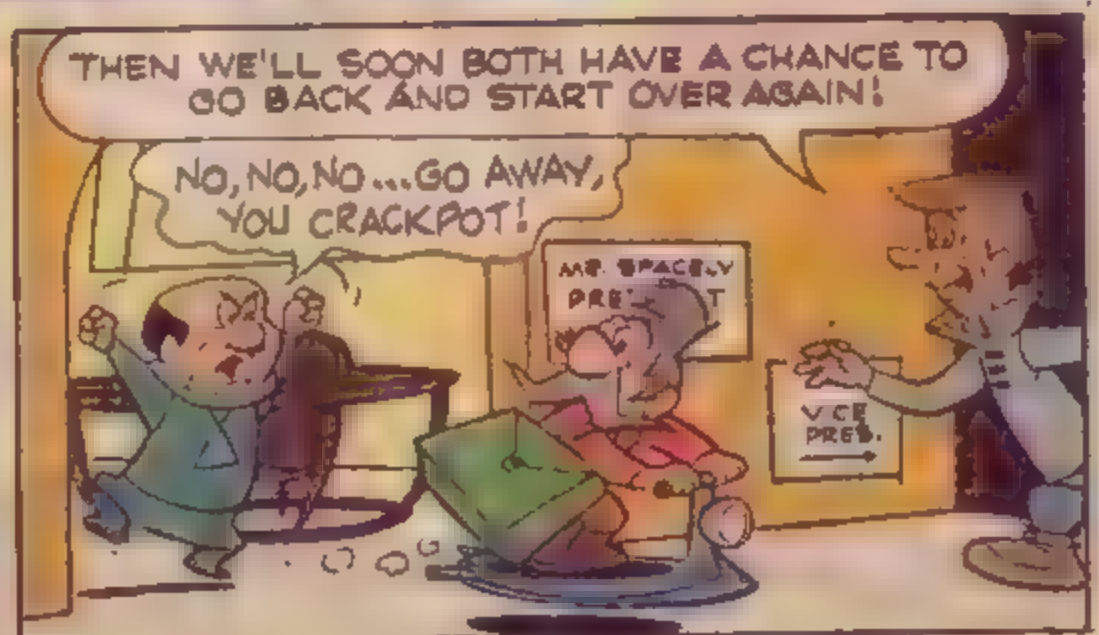
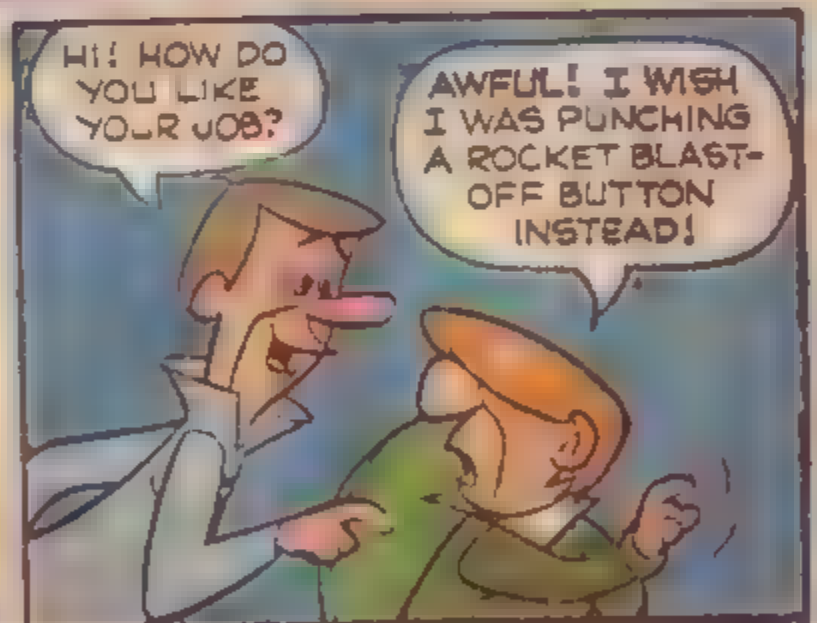
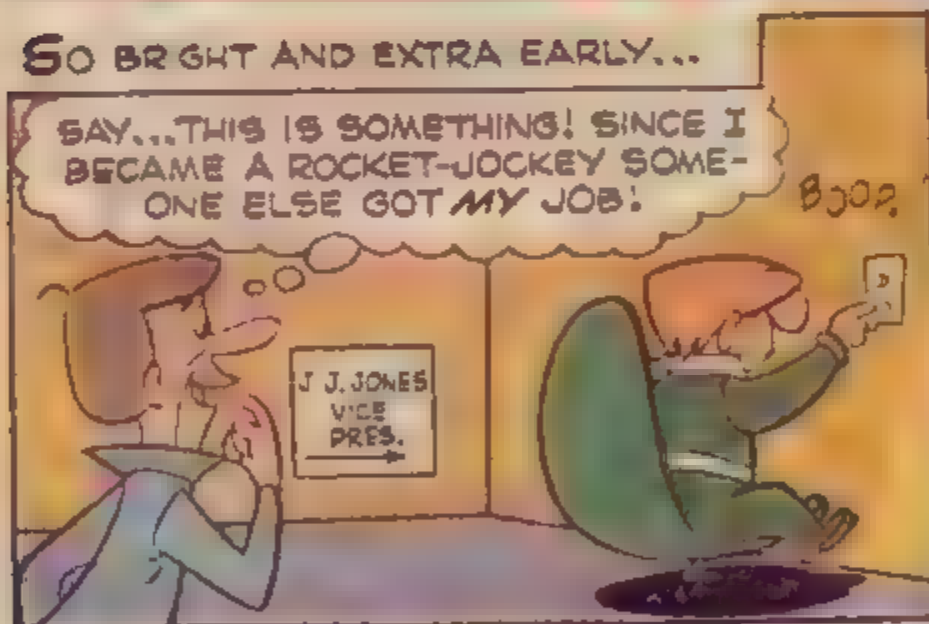
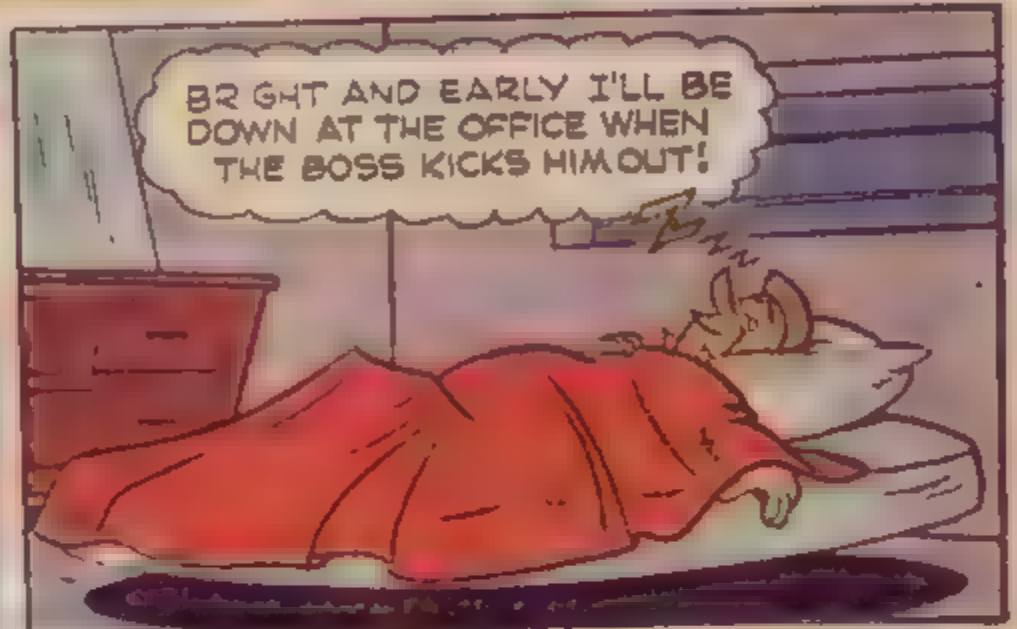
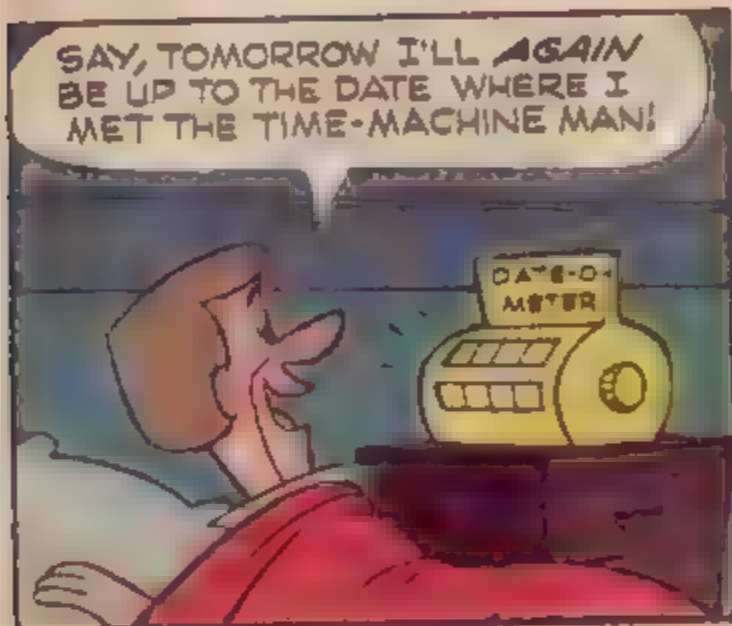
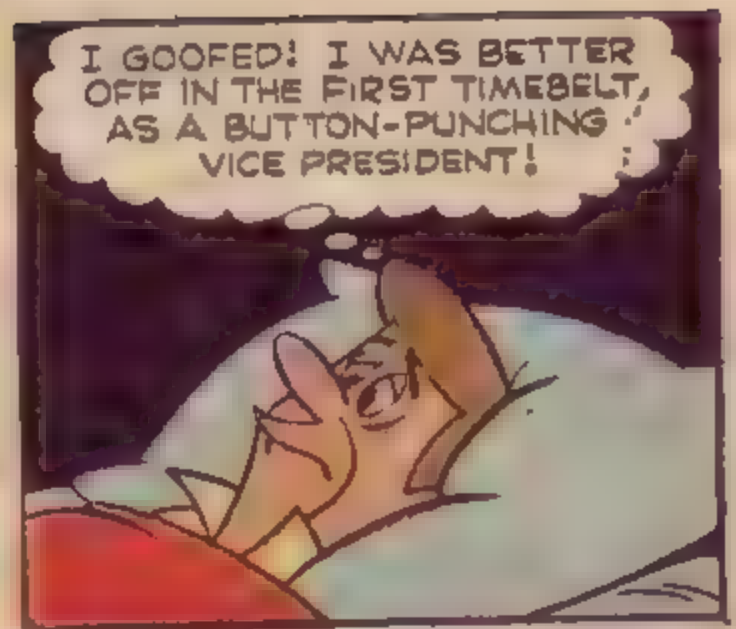
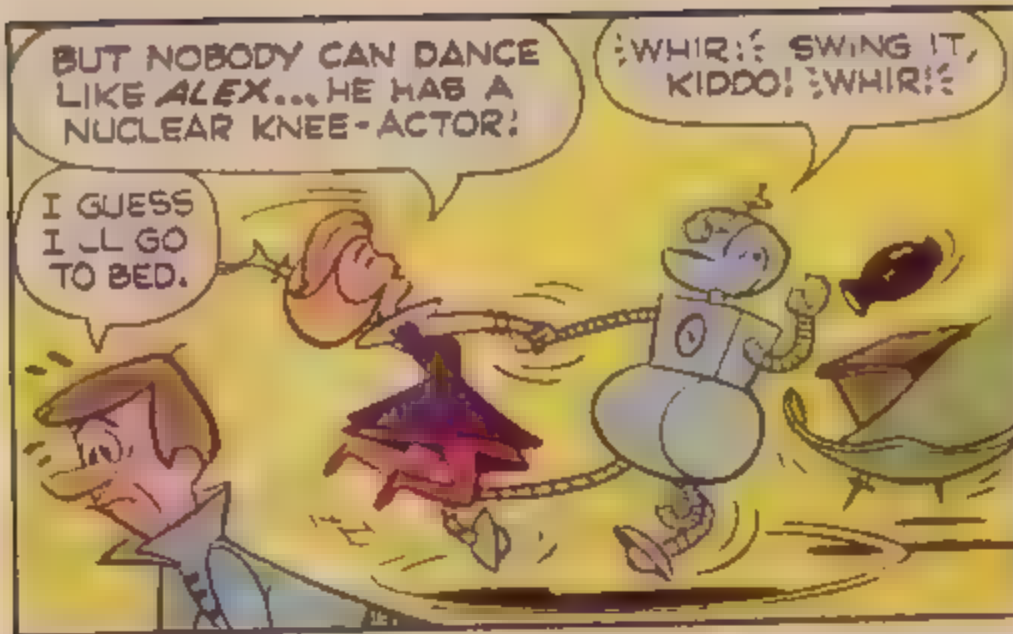
HE ADAPTS TO PECULIAR  
ATMOSPHERES AND A  
VARIETY OF  
GRAVITATIONAL FIELDS...













AND SO GEORGE  
GETS BACK ON  
THE RIGHT TIME  
TRACK AGAIN...

A *HAPPY HOMELIFE*  
MEANS MUCH!

DAD...  
PLAY BALL  
WITH ME?

I NEED A  
NEW DRESS,  
DAD!

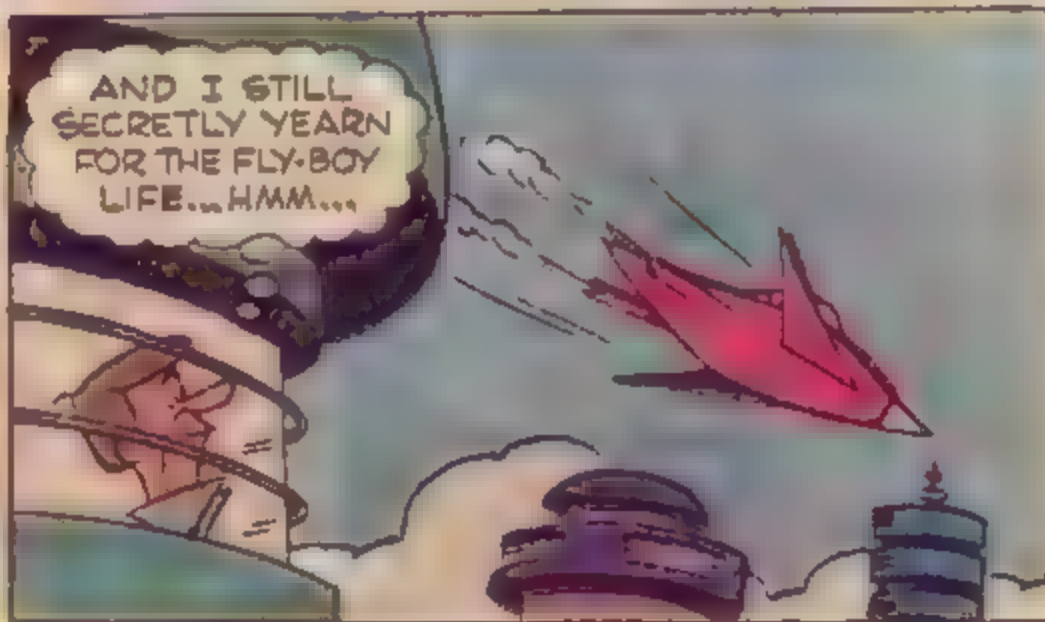
GEORGE DEAR  
...LET'S GO TO  
THE FLY-N!



BUT STILL... I DREAD  
GOING TO MY DULL PUSH-  
BUTTON JOB EVERY DAY...



AND I STILL  
SECRETLY YEARN  
FOR THE FLY-BOY  
LIFE...HMM...



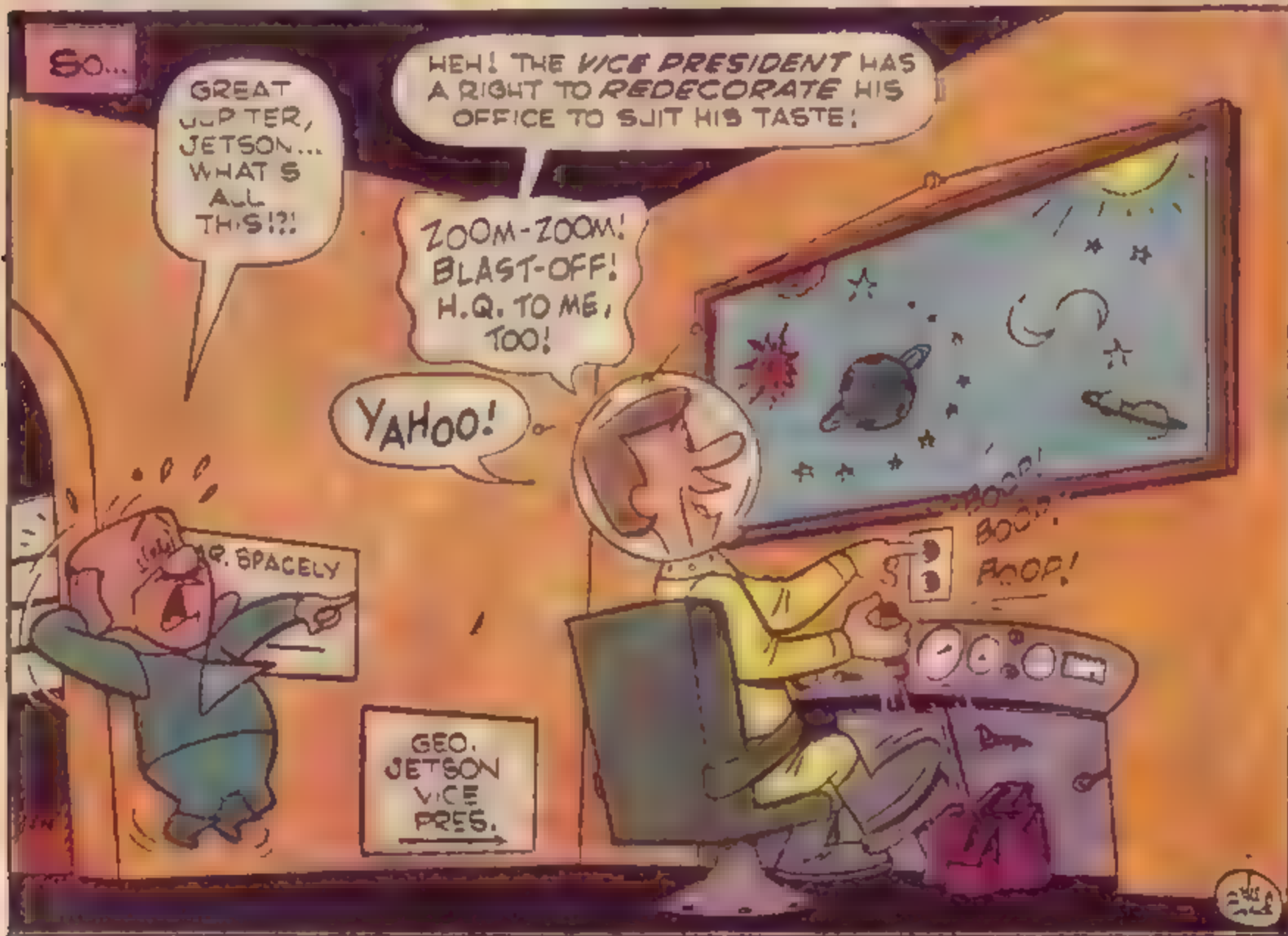
SO...

GREAT  
JUPITER,  
JETSON...  
WHAT'S  
ALL  
THIS!?!

HEH! THE *VICE PRESIDENT* HAS  
A RIGHT TO *REDECORATE* HIS  
OFFICE TO SUIT HIS TASTE!

ZOOM-ZOOM!  
BLAST-OFF!  
H.Q. TO ME,  
TOO!

YAHOO!



H.Q. SPACELY

GEO.  
JETSON  
VICE  
PRES.

22



## Hanna-Barbera

## TOUCHÉ and DUM DUM

# WESTWARD HO-HO

WHOO!

8. A44

BANG

WHOOP!

OMIGOSH!  
IT'S A GOOD THING  
WE DECIDED TO  
TAKE A TRIP WEST,  
DUM DUM!

DON'T WORRY,  
COLONEL, WE'LL  
SAVE YOU AND  
YOUR TROOP.

121?

I HAVE A LITTLE  
GAMMICK HERE IN  
MY SHELL THAT LL  
DO THE TRICK.

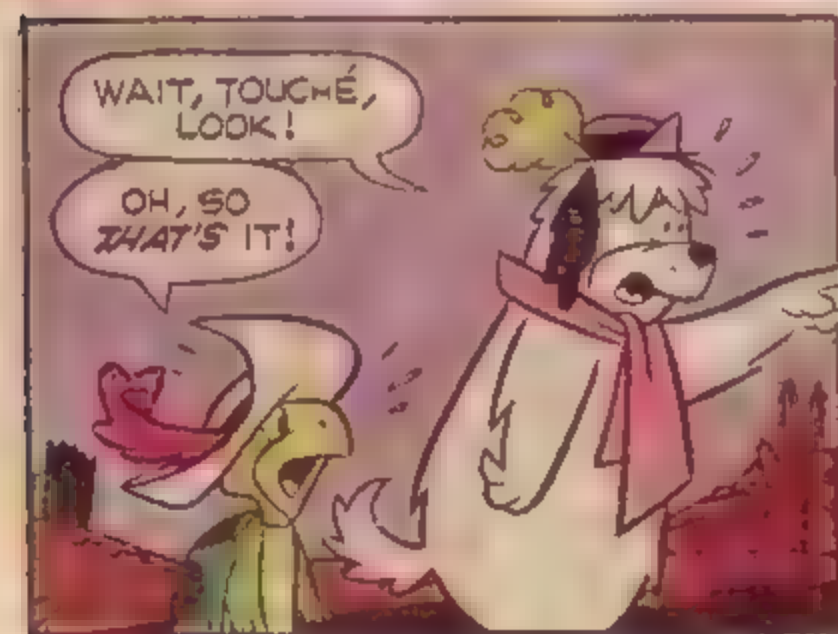
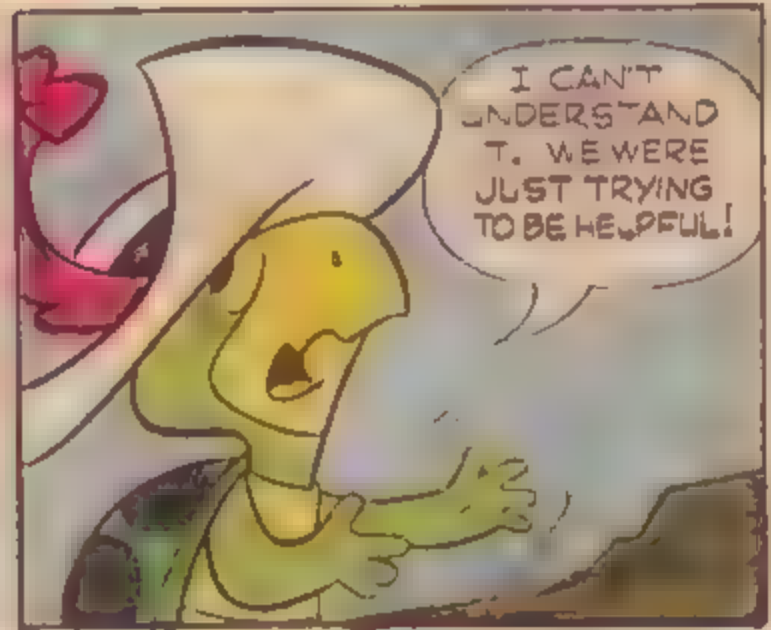
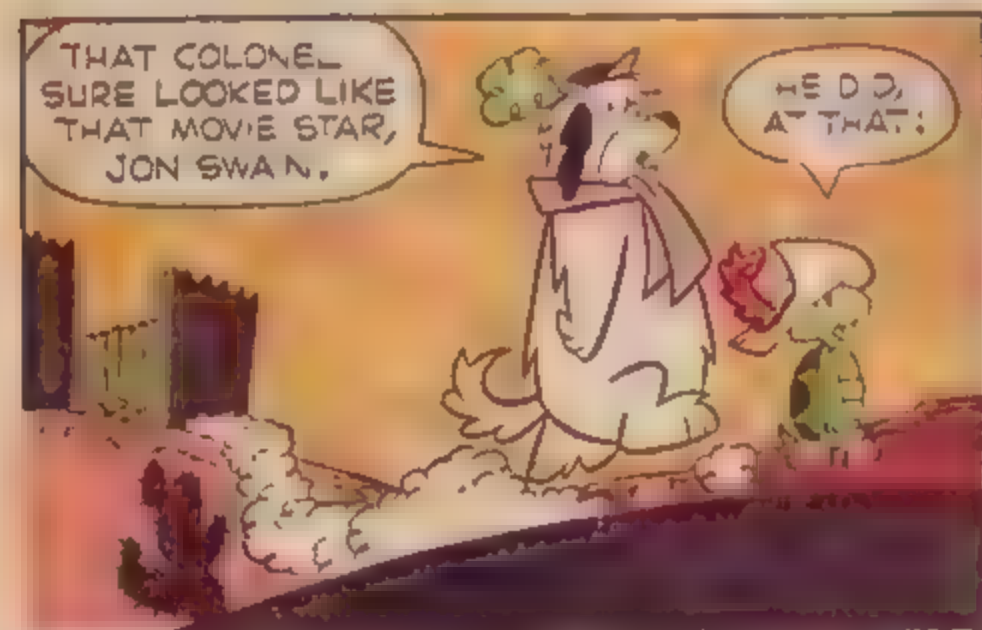
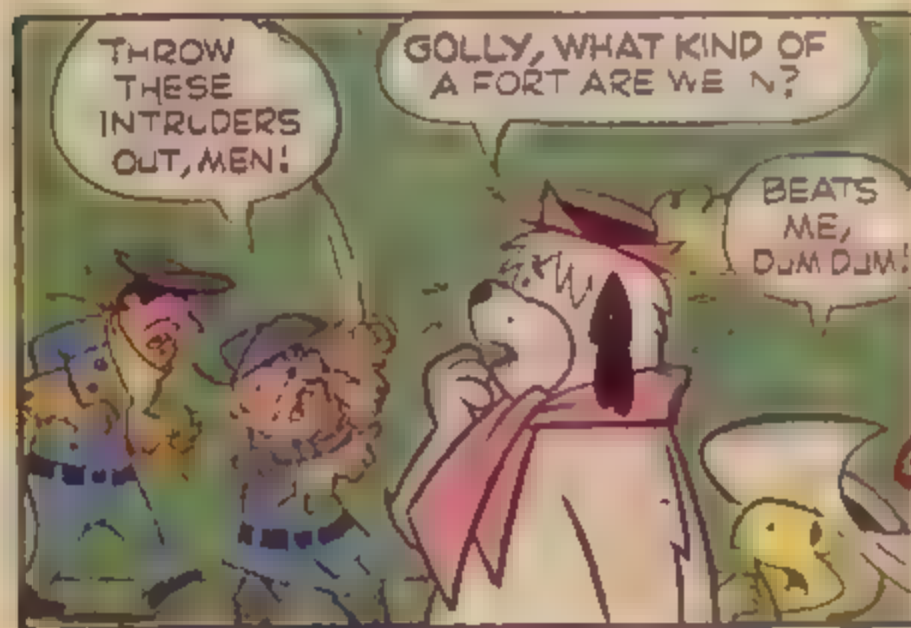
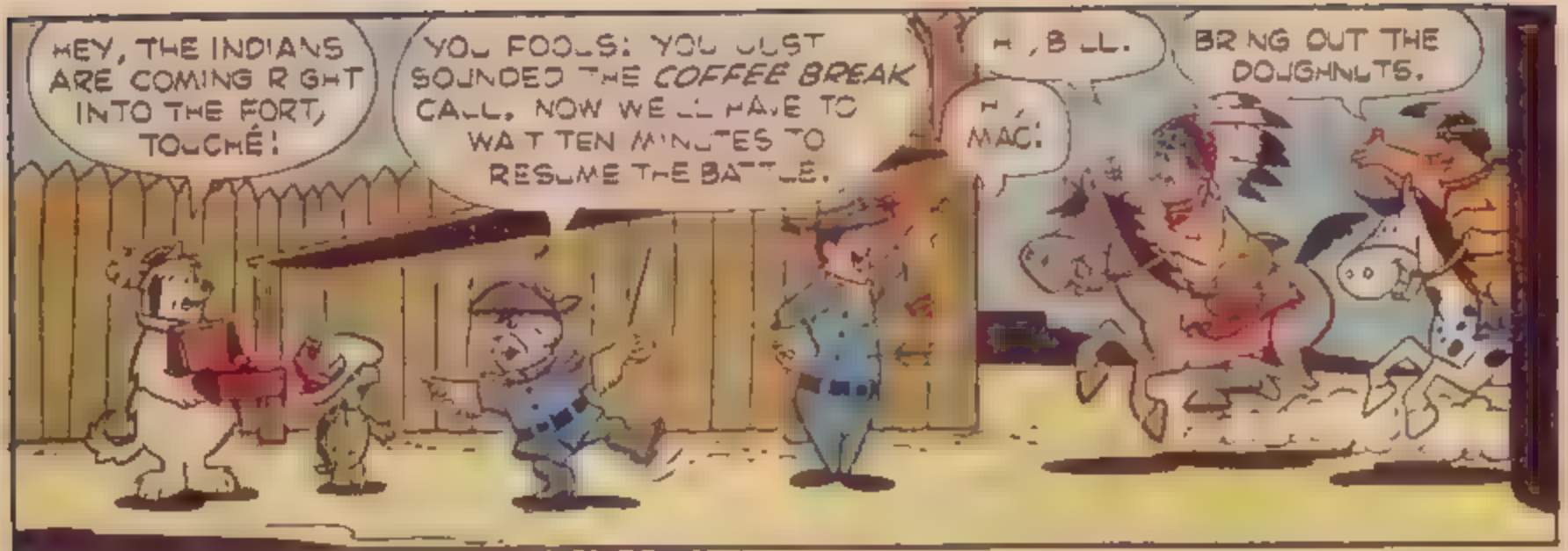
YEAH! IT'S A RECORDING OF A BUGLER SOUNDING "CHARGE" ON HIS BUGLE!

THE INDIANS WILL THINK  
YOUR REINFORCEMENTS  
ARE COMING!

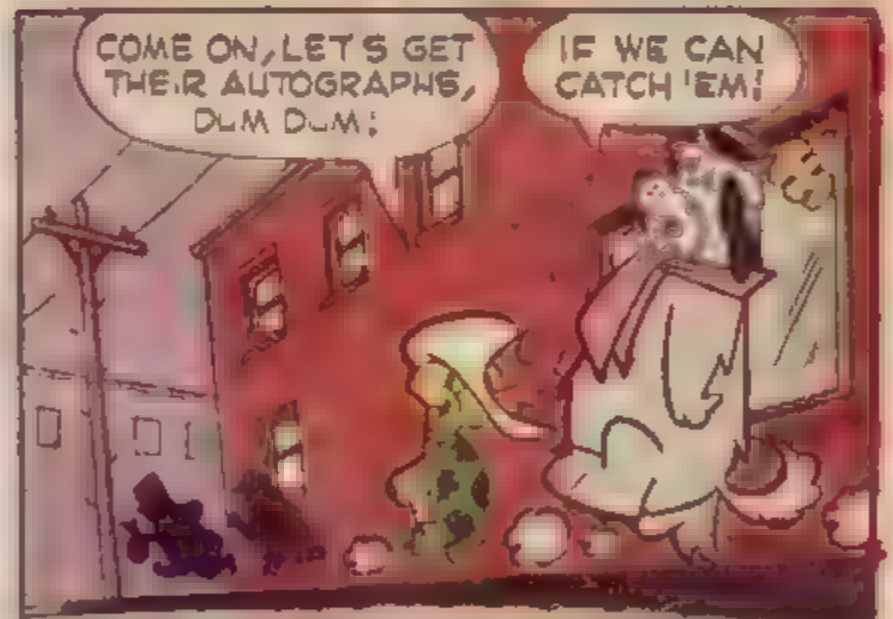
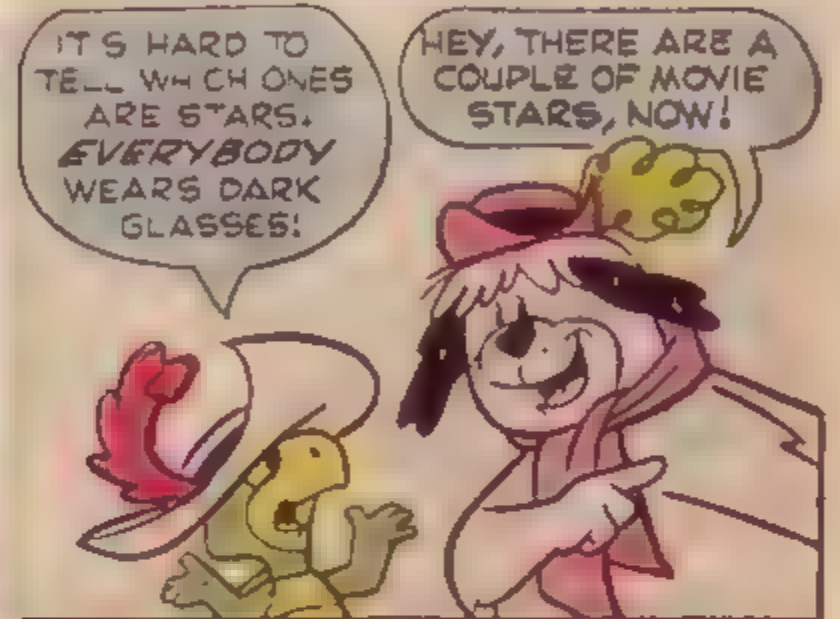
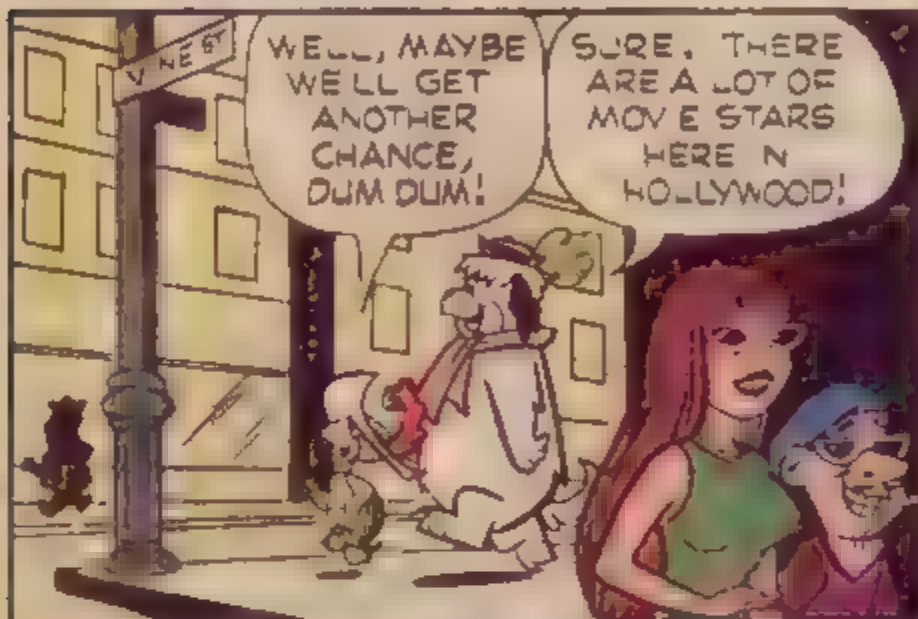
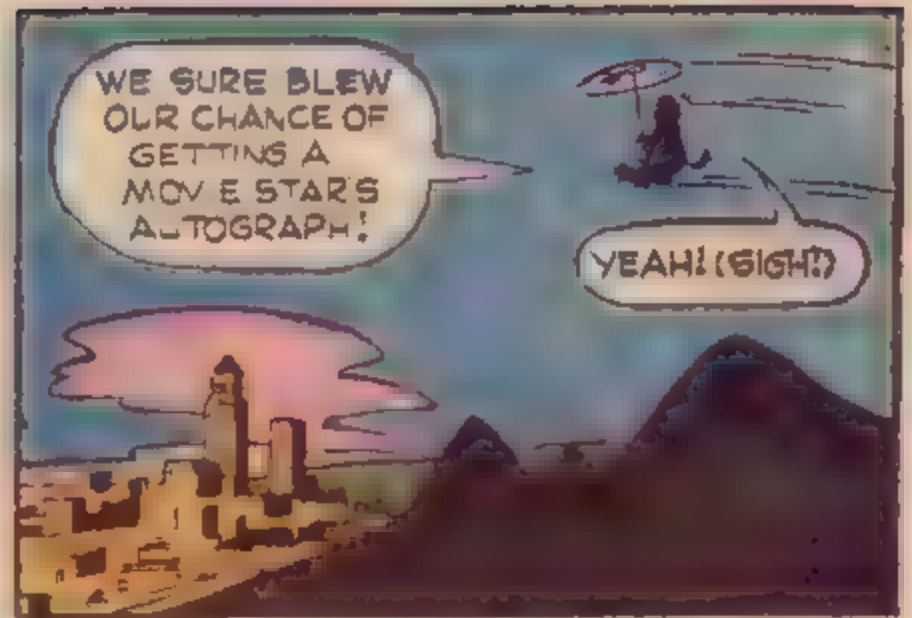
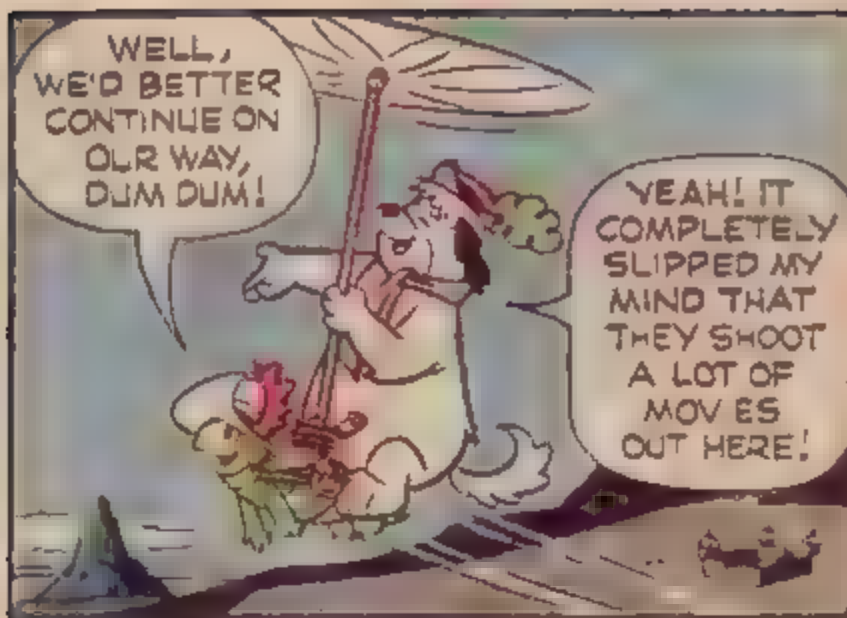
BUT—

WHOA! THAT'S OUR  
SIGNAL TO TAKE FIVE,  
FELLAS.

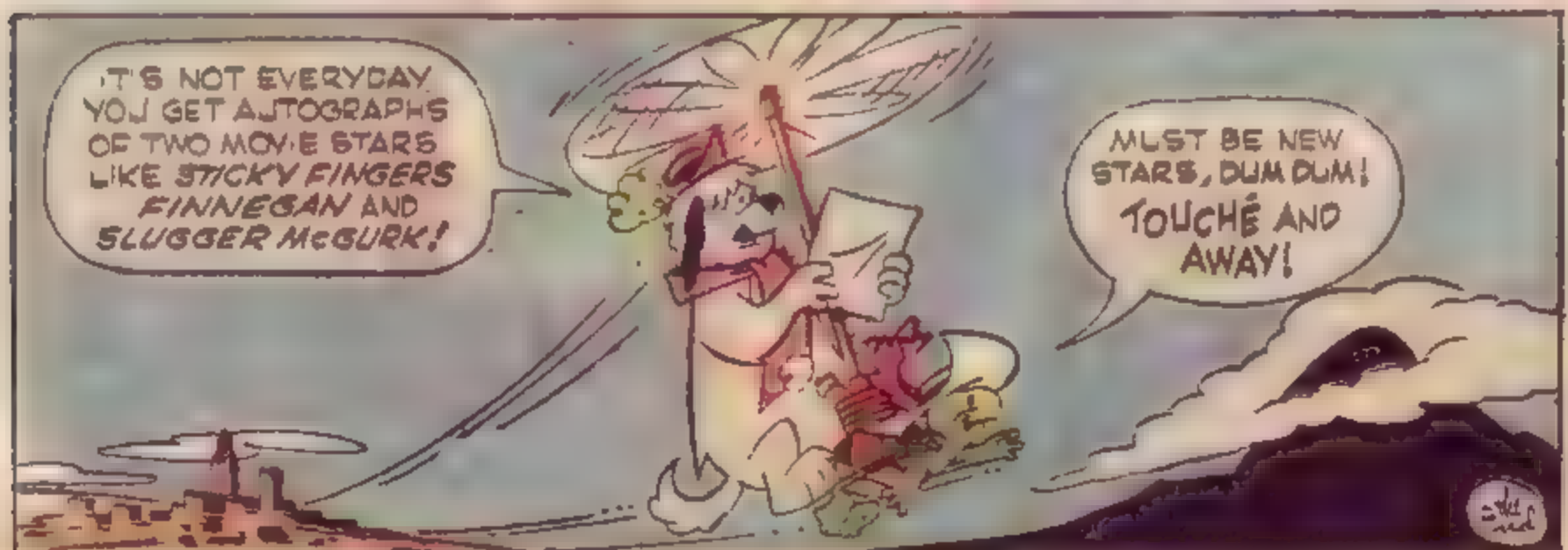
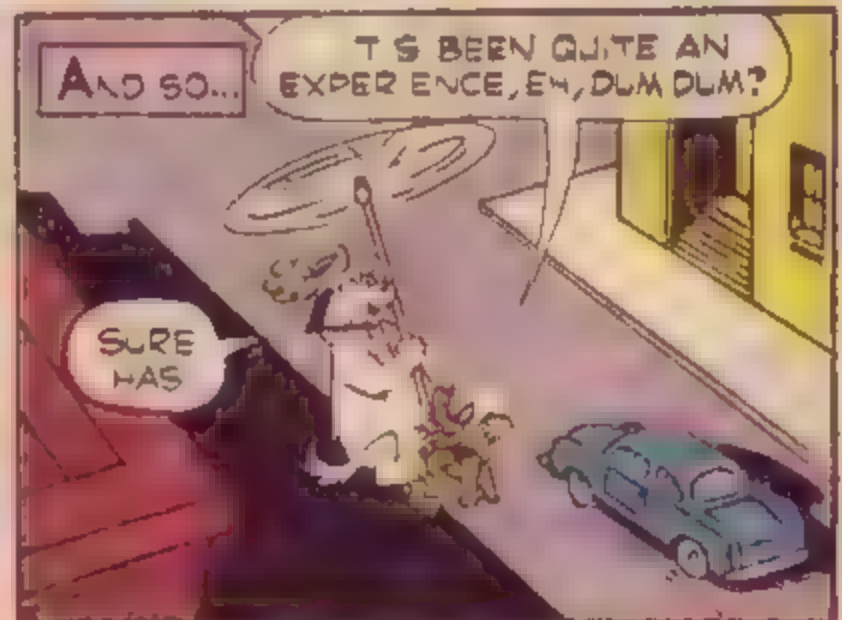
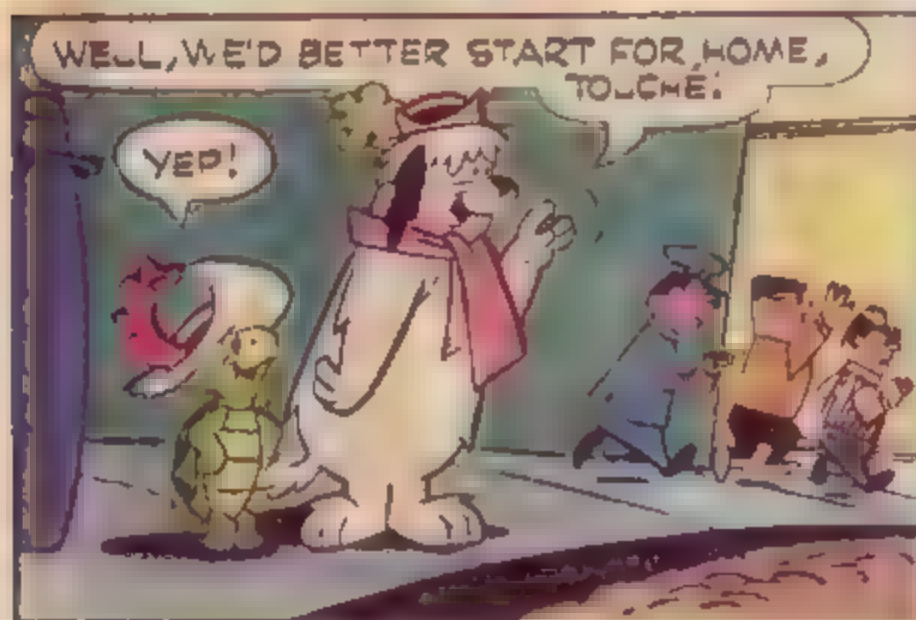
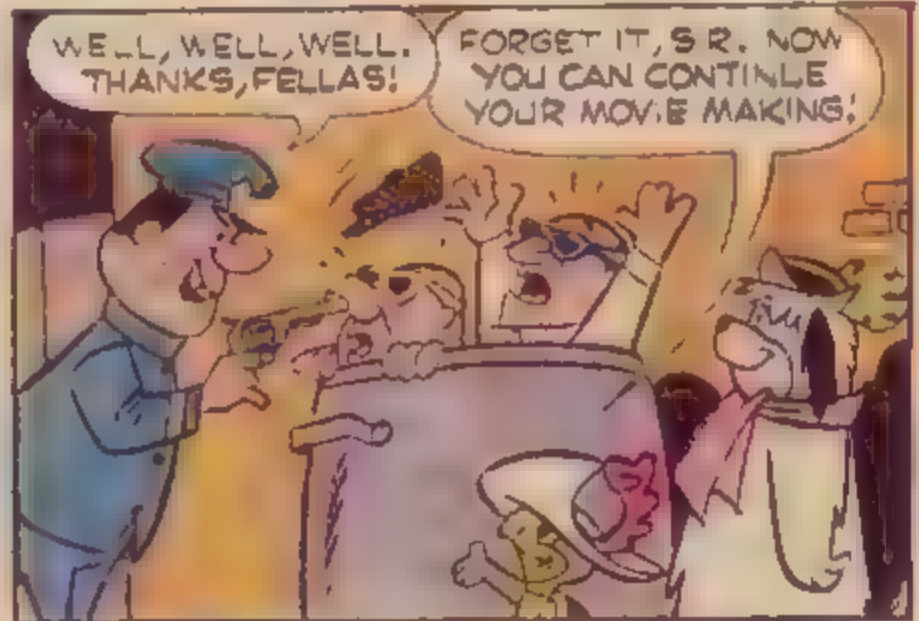
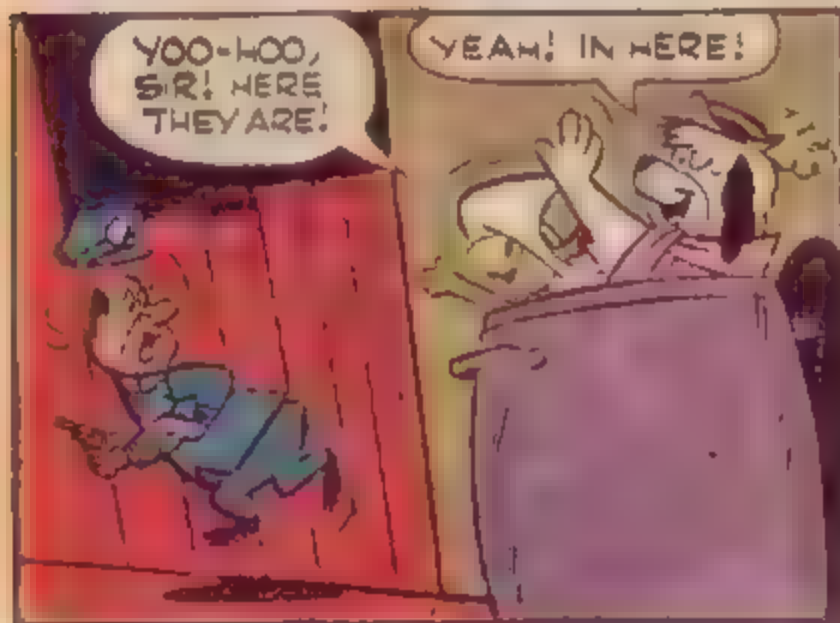
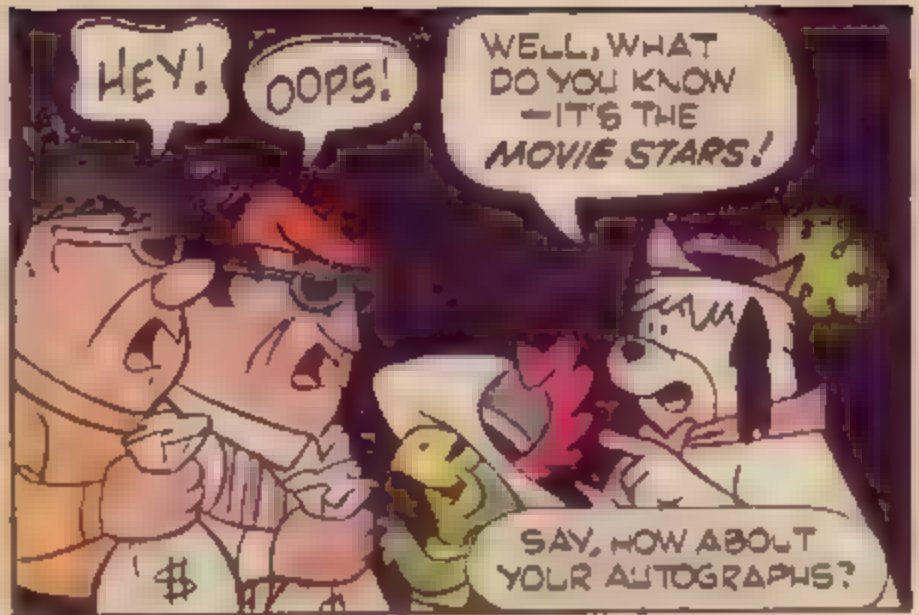
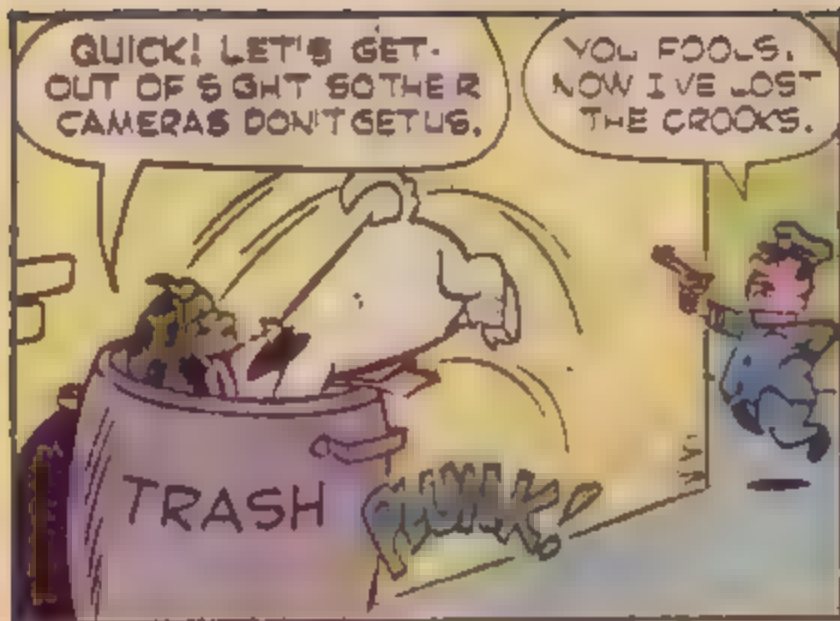
















Goonda, J. Evil Scientist's adoring wife, suspiciously sniffed the air of their dank, dismal home. The unlikely odor of perfume filled the musty room.

"Ugh!" she shuddered. "Where's that awful smell coming from?"

At that moment, the sound of happy-type music drifted up from J. Evil's basement laboratory.

"What on earth are you doing down there?" cried Goonda, running down the stairs.

She found J. Evil in a state of complete exasperation.

"I think I am cracking up!" he snarled. "Every one of my experiments has turned out to be something GOOD today! Take this one, for example," he continued, holding a jar out of which poured fumes. "I mixed up some concentrated essence of swamp water, and it came out smelling like spring flowers."

He walked over to a tape recorder. "And here, I was recording some nice, horrible ghastly noises to scare the neighbors, and what do I get? MUSIC!"

He snapped off the recorder and walked over to a big black box. "And here's the cracker! I invented a machine to turn out monsters, and look what I got!"

He opened the door of the gadget. Goonda looked in and shrieked!

"A horrible, cute little puppy!" she exclaimed. "Get him out of here!"

J. Evil obediently chased the little dog out of the house.

"You ARE in a bad, I mean good way!" Goonda said, collecting herself. "I think you need a change of scenery. How about you taking a walk before dinner. A nice clammy fog is creeping in over Dismal Swamp."

"Good ideal" agreed J. Evil. "It might do me some good and make me feel better. Maybe I'll even catch a cold!"

So, he walked to the swamp but returned in a few minutes, more upset than before.

"Some ideal" he snapped. "You know what happened? I found a baby bird that had fallen from its nest, and I actually picked it up and put it back. Now I KNOW that I am cracking up. Everything's gone wrong!"

Goonda looked at her husband, a worried frown on her sinister features. Then she excitedly asked, "Exactly where did you find that baby bird?"

"Right under that big old twisted oak in the middle of the swamp," he replied.

Goonda gave a gleeful cackle. "You can stop worrying! You're not cracking up! A buzz-saw buzzard has a nest in that tree," said Goonda. "That little bird will grow up to be one of the noisiest and one of the nastiest birds in the world!"

A happy smile crept over J. Evil's face. "And to think I saved its life so it can grow up to be nasty. Guess I'm not losing my grip after all."

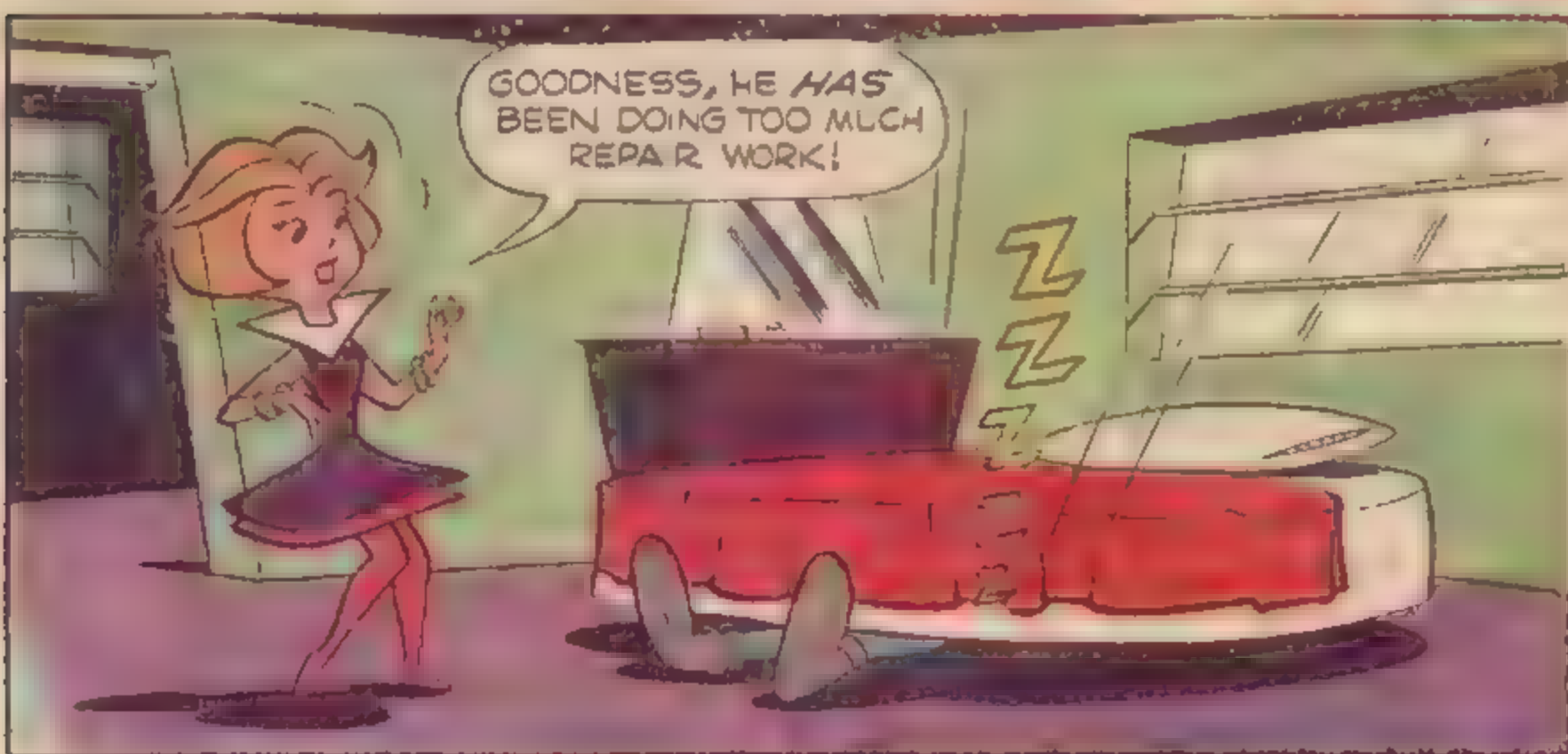
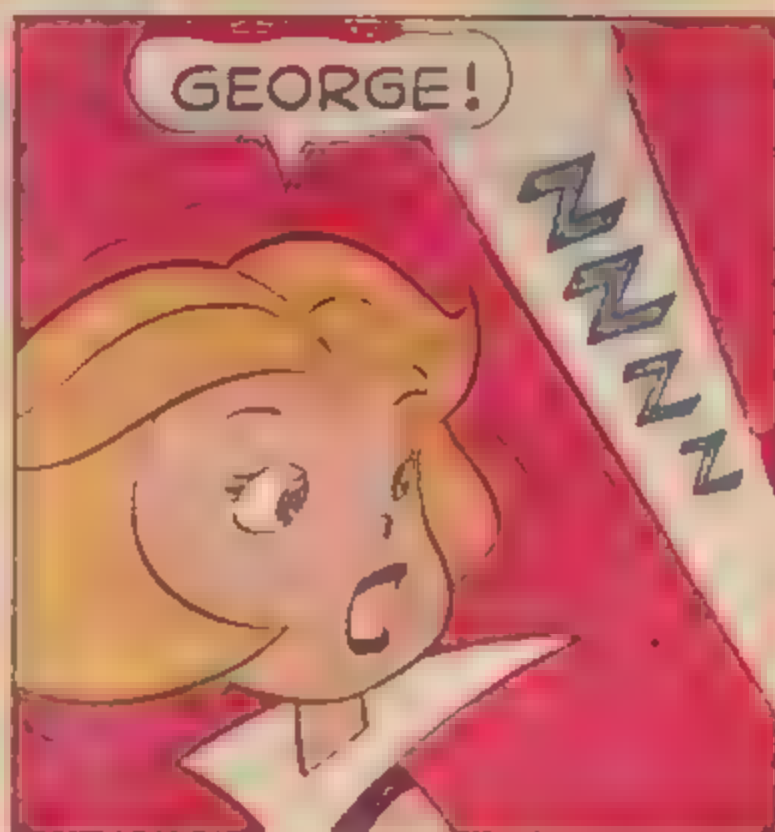
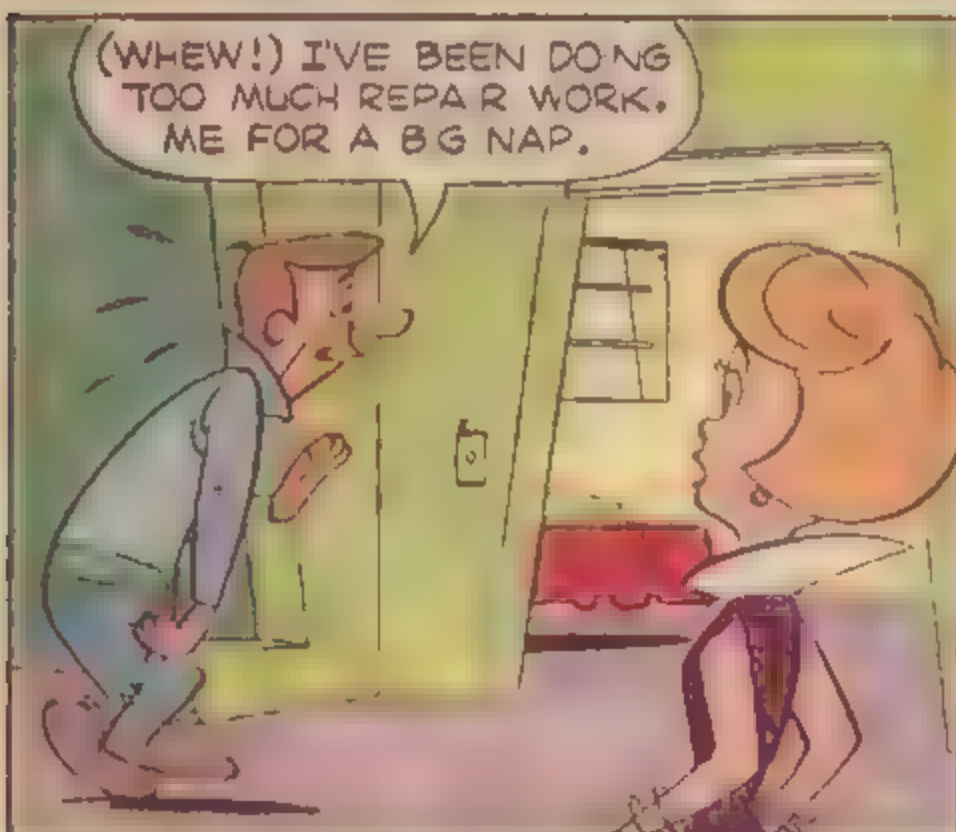
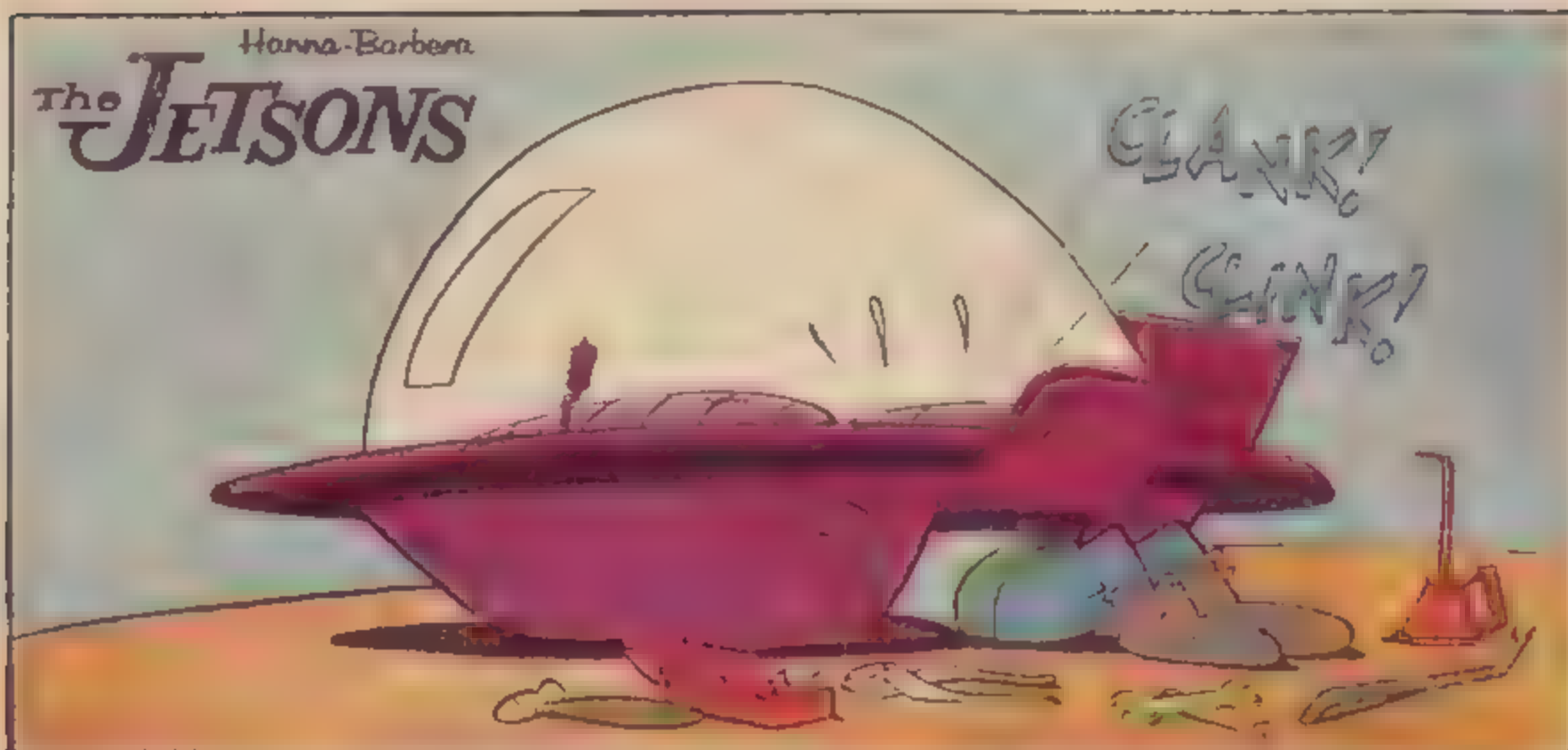
"And maybe those experiments that didn't work out this morning were only accidents," added Goonda. "Maybe they'll turn out to be bad GOOD things for you, dear!"

"Maybe so," said J. Evil happily, as he ran down to his laboratory.

And Goonda was right! The swamp water had settled and returned to its normal rancid odor... only worse, better that is. A most horrible chorus of howls and screams came from the recorder as J. Evil played his new recording at a rapid speed. And, the little puppy that had been chased from the house, was not a dog puppy at all but a werewolf cub that was now chewing at the door to get back in. Soon normal chaos again reigned in the miserably happy J. Evil Scientist household; just the neighbors cracked up.



Hanna-Barbera  
**The JETSONS**



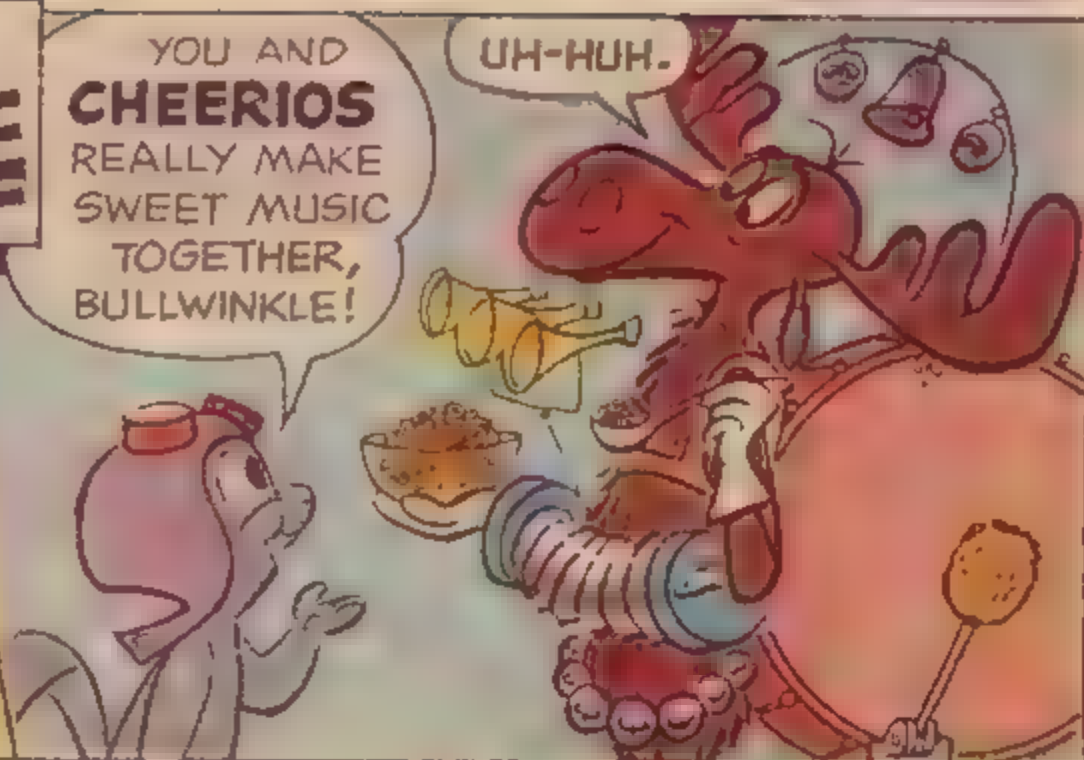


# ROCKY and BULLWINKLE



YOU AND  
**CHEERIOS**  
REALLY MAKE  
SWEET MUSIC  
TOGETHER,  
BULLWINKLE!

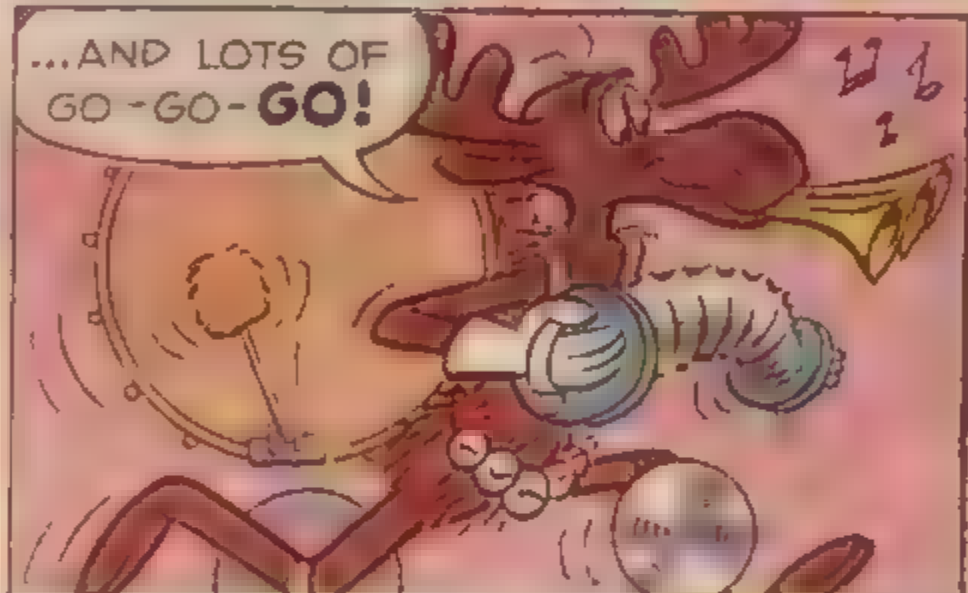
UH-HUH.



**CHEERIOS** N' MILK GIVE  
US PEOPLE MUSCLE-MAKIN'  
PROTEIN...

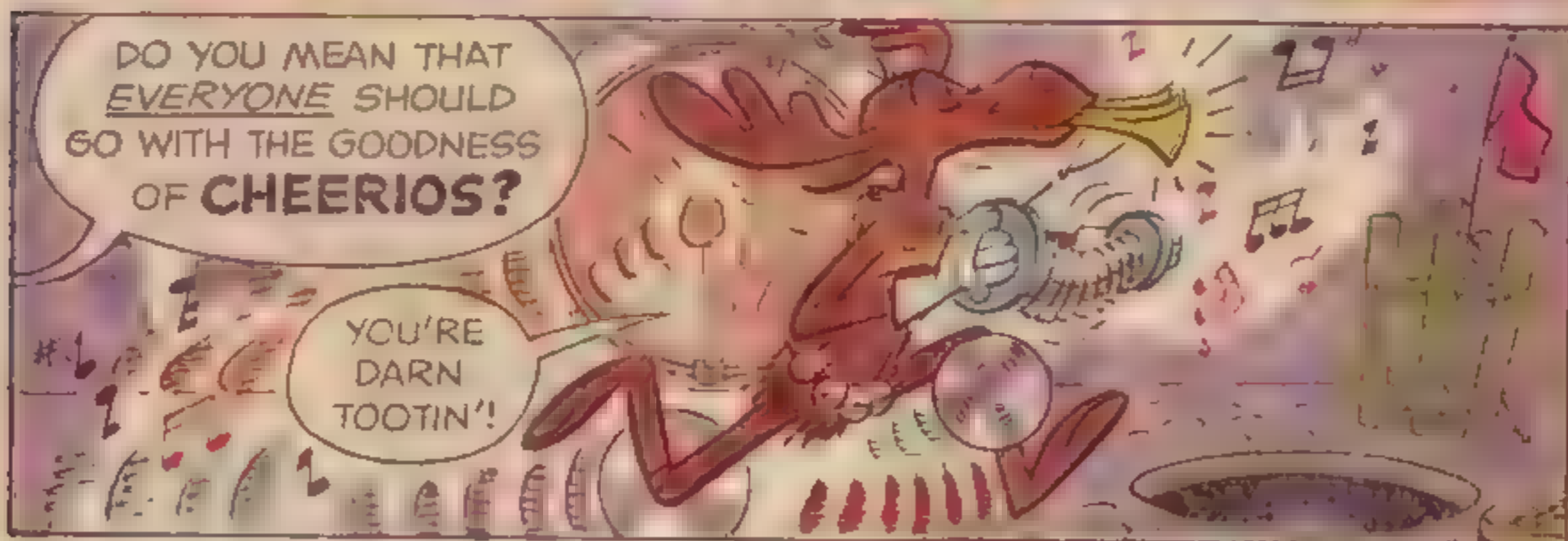


...AND LOTS OF  
GO-GO-**GO!**

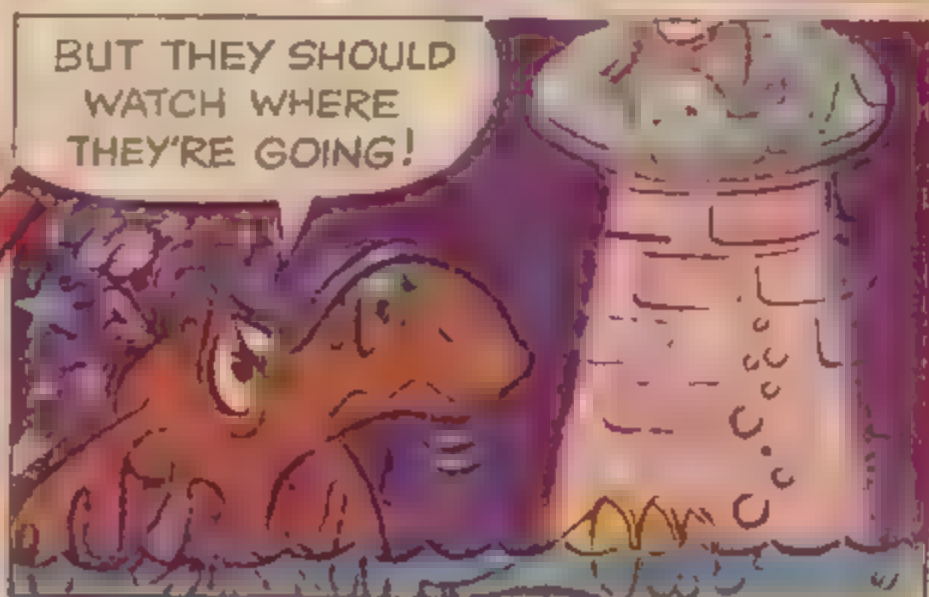
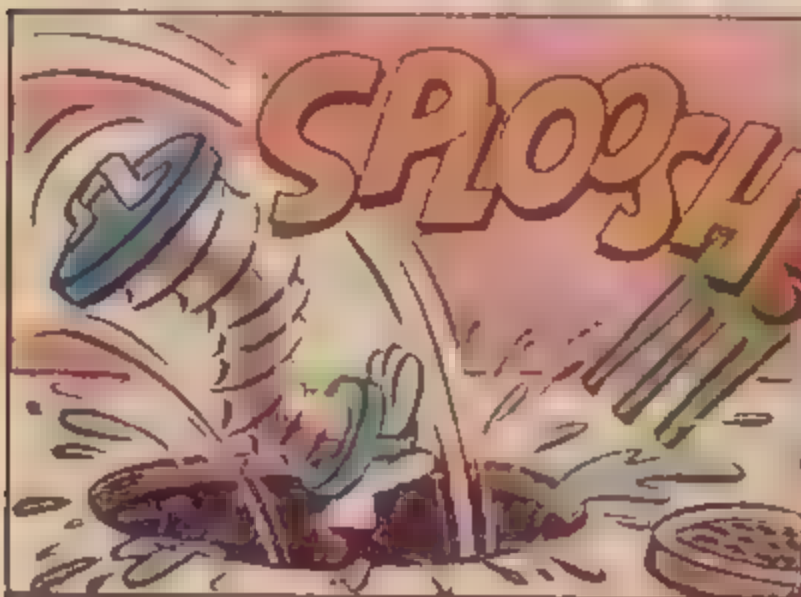


DO YOU MEAN THAT  
EVERYONE SHOULD  
GO WITH THE GOODNESS  
OF **CHEERIOS**?

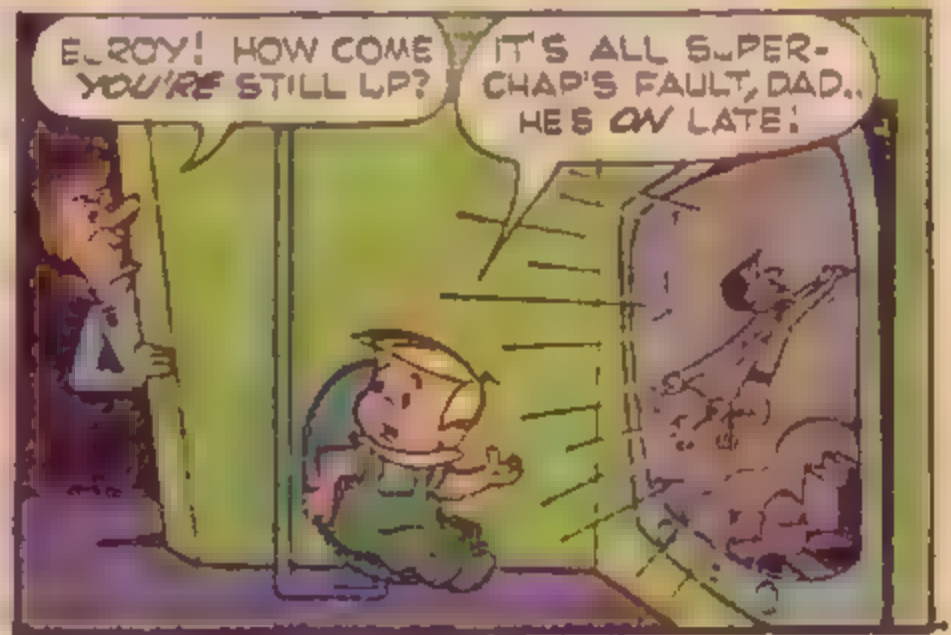
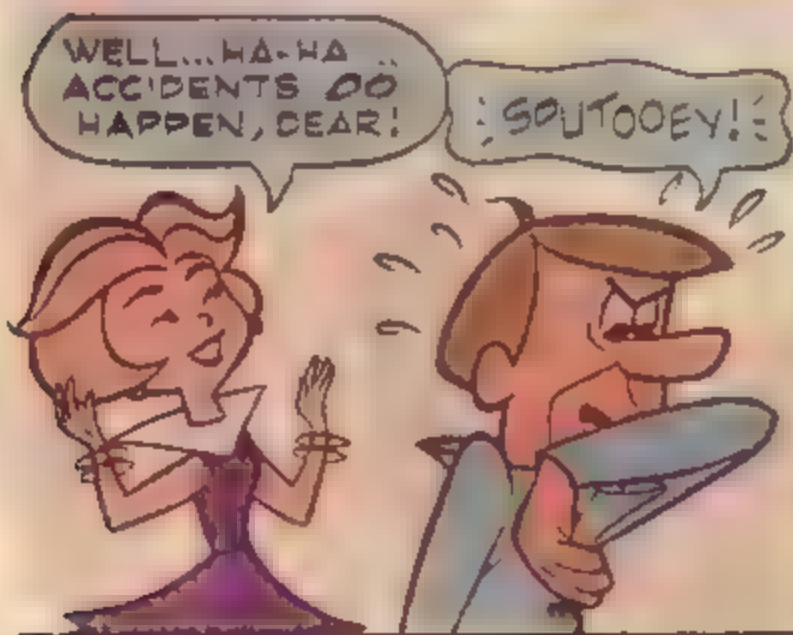
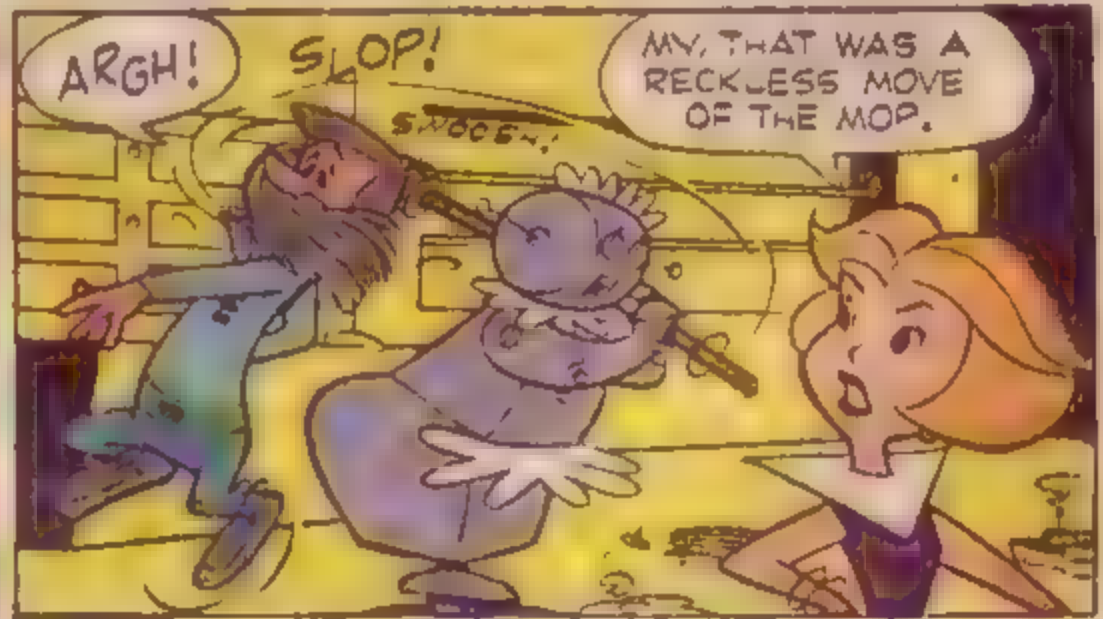
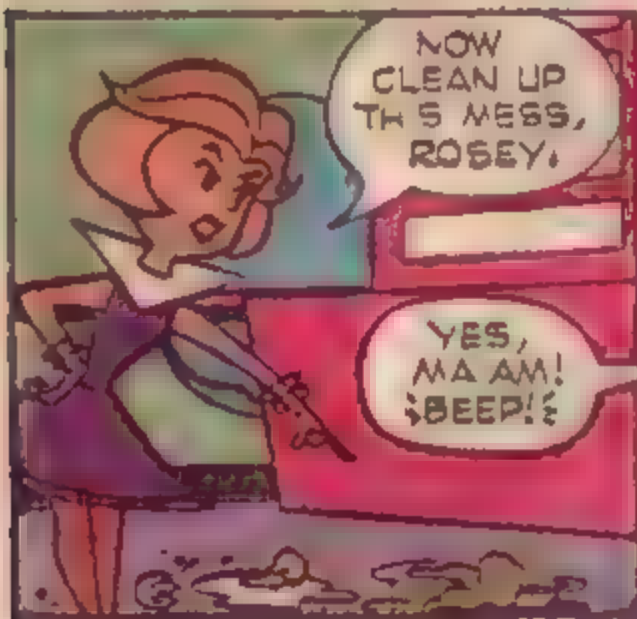
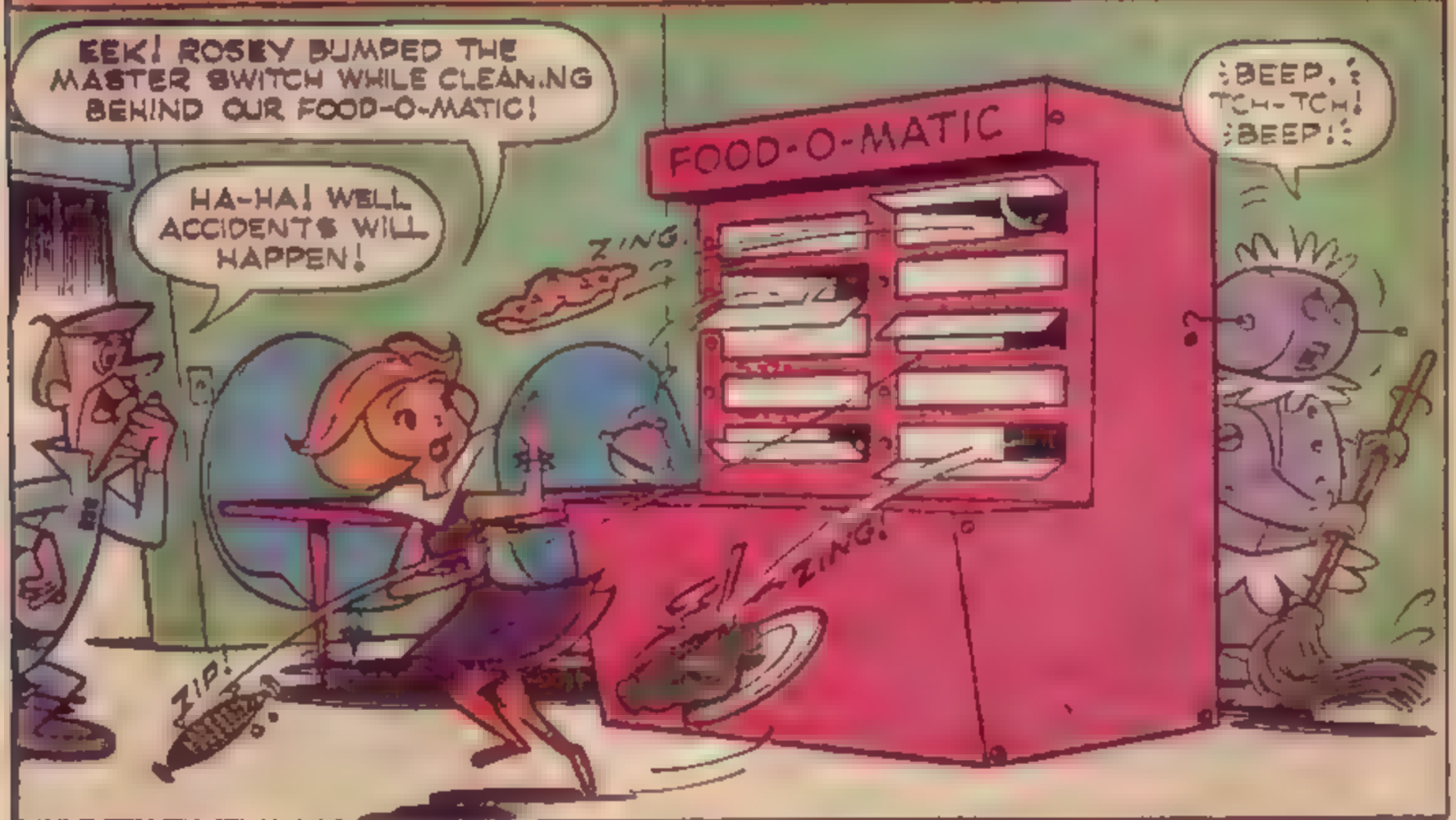
YOU'RE  
DARN  
TOOTIN'!



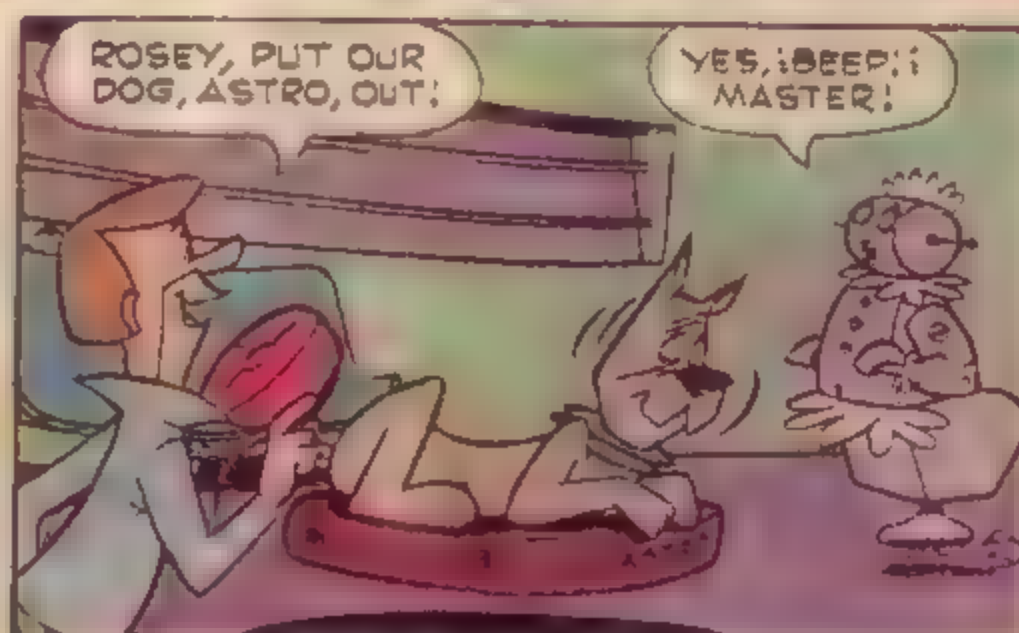
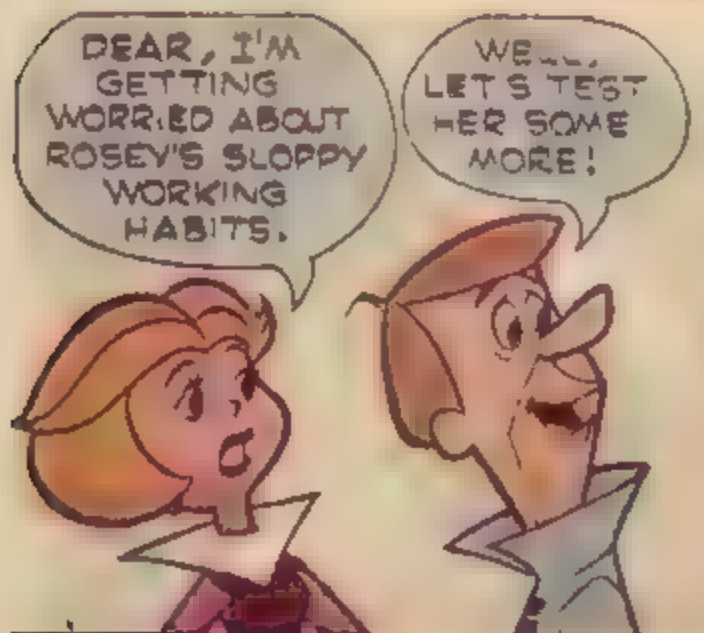
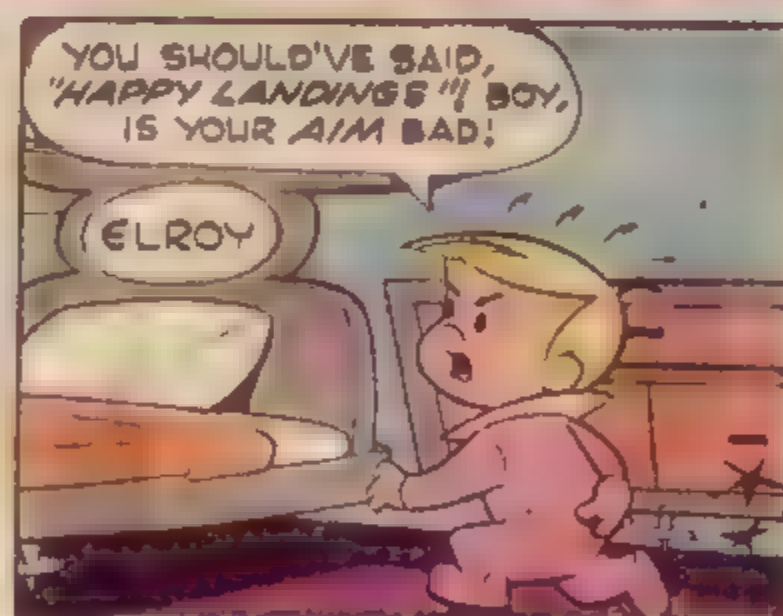
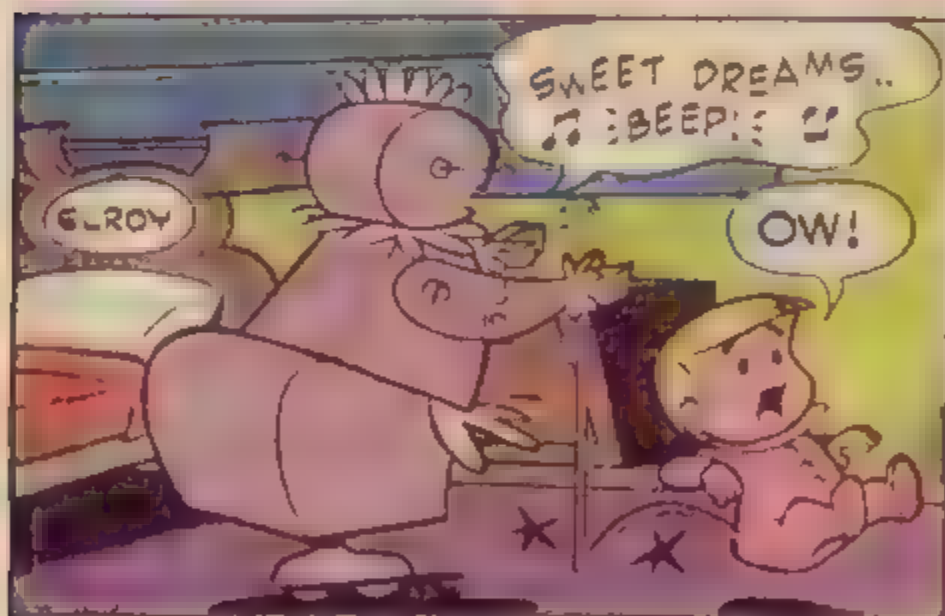
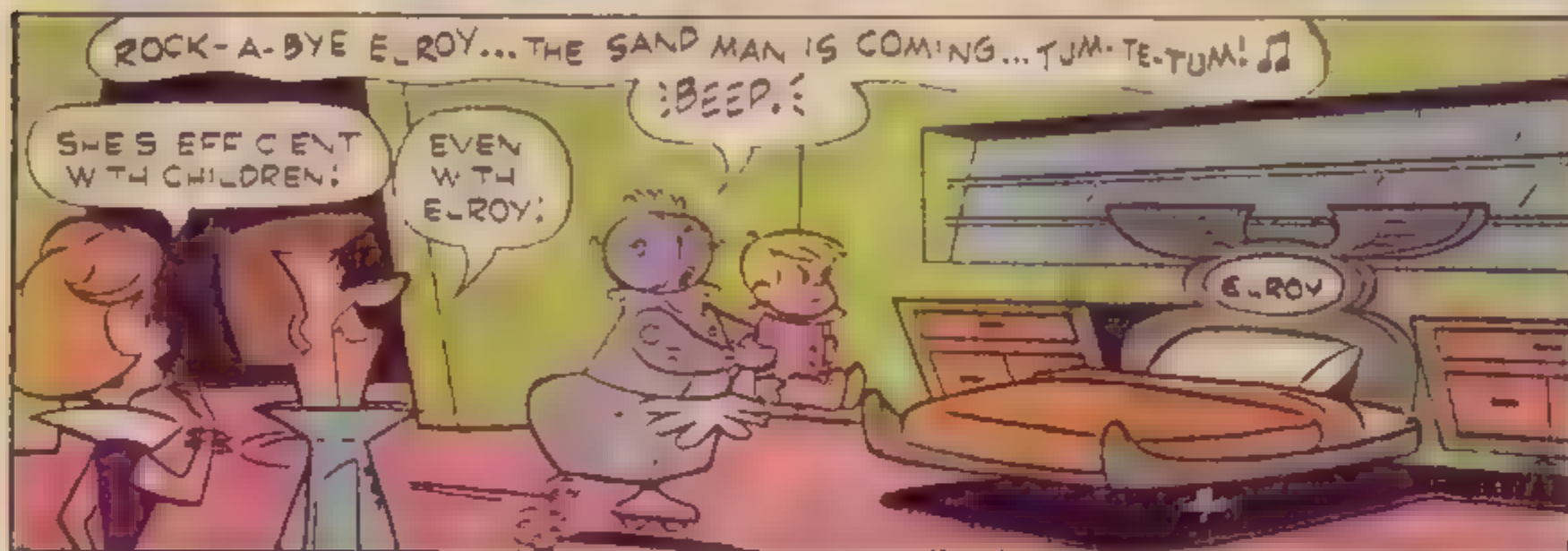
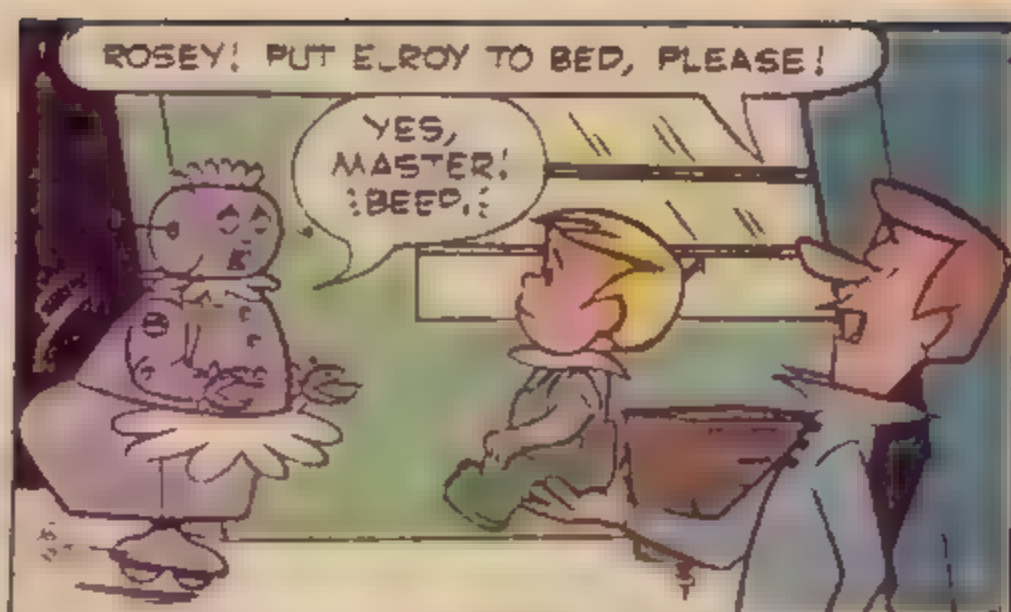
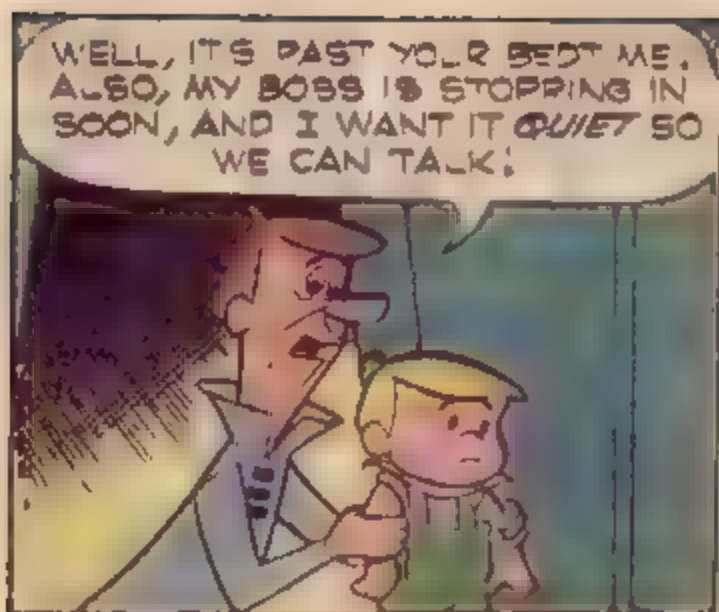
BUT THEY SHOULD  
WATCH WHERE  
THEY'RE GOING!



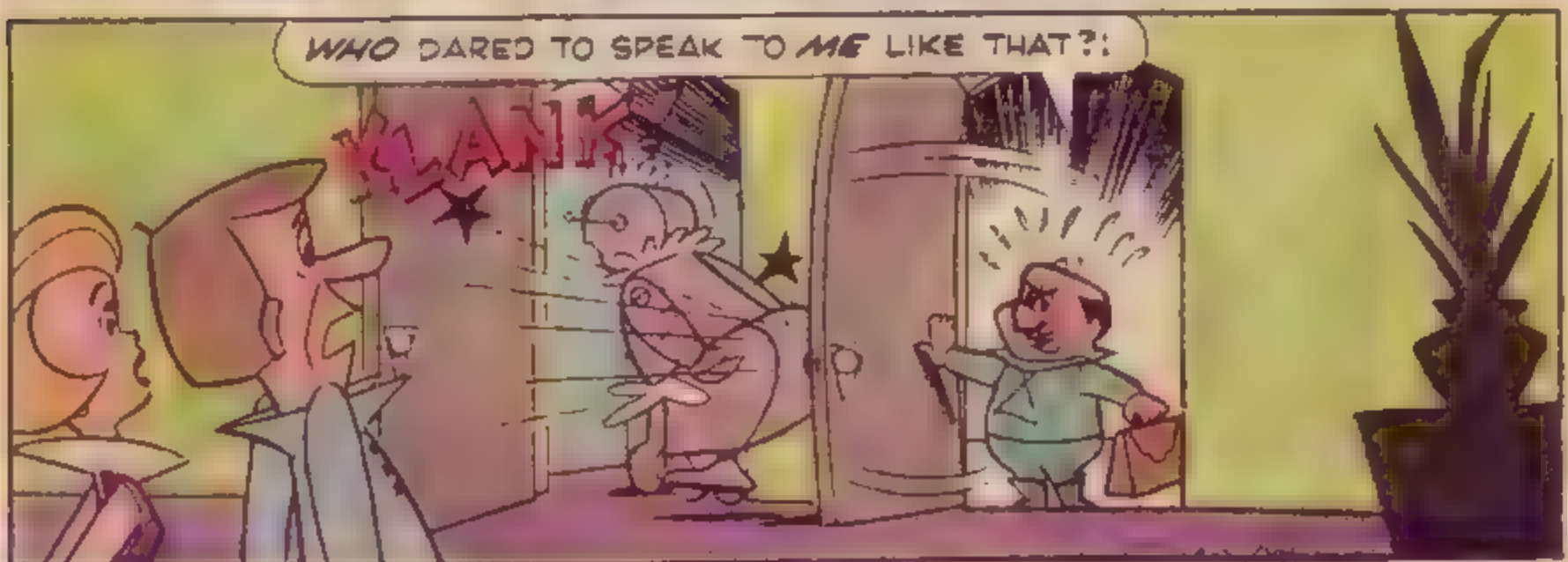
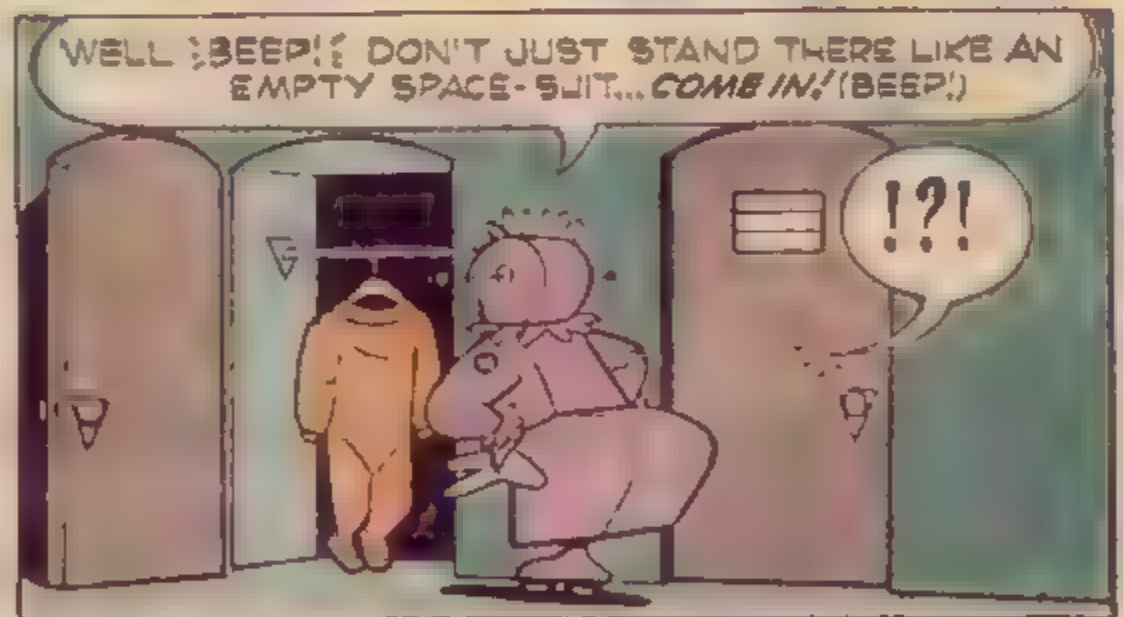
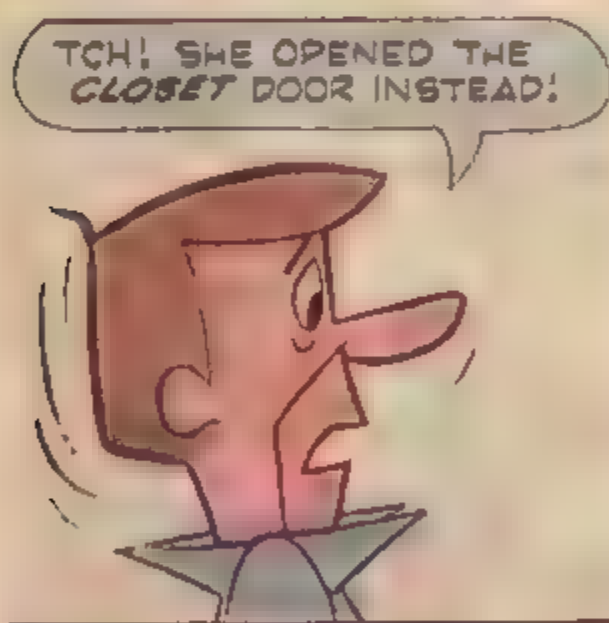
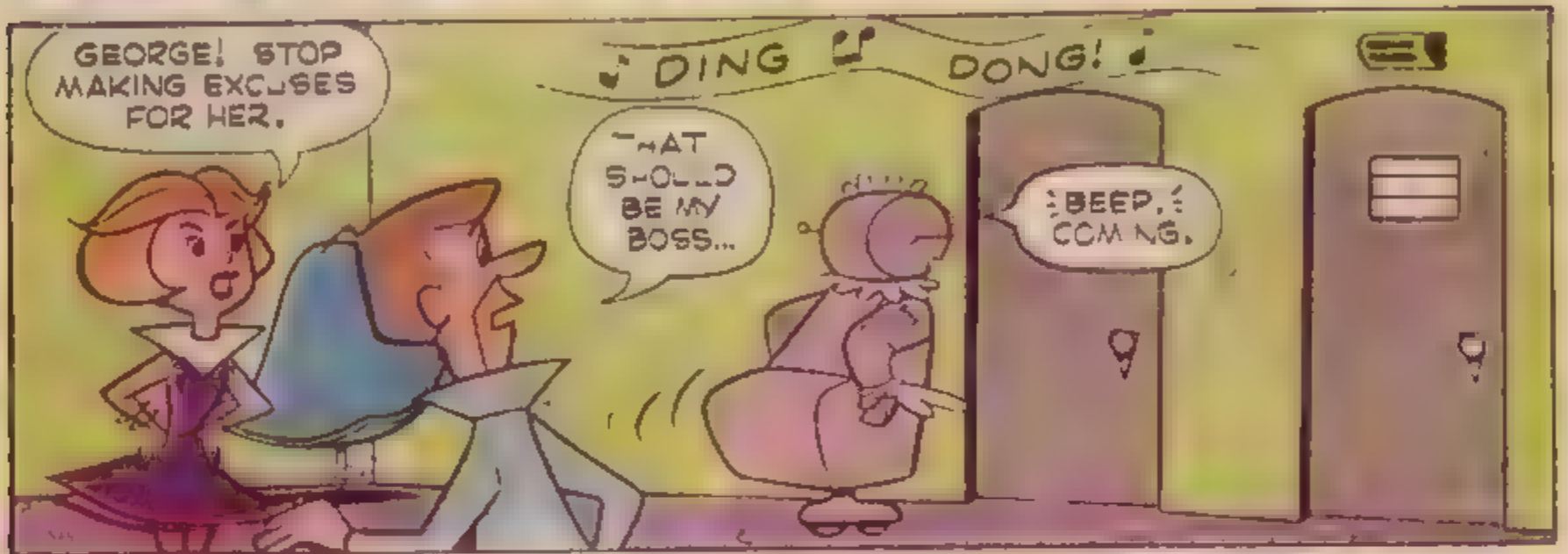
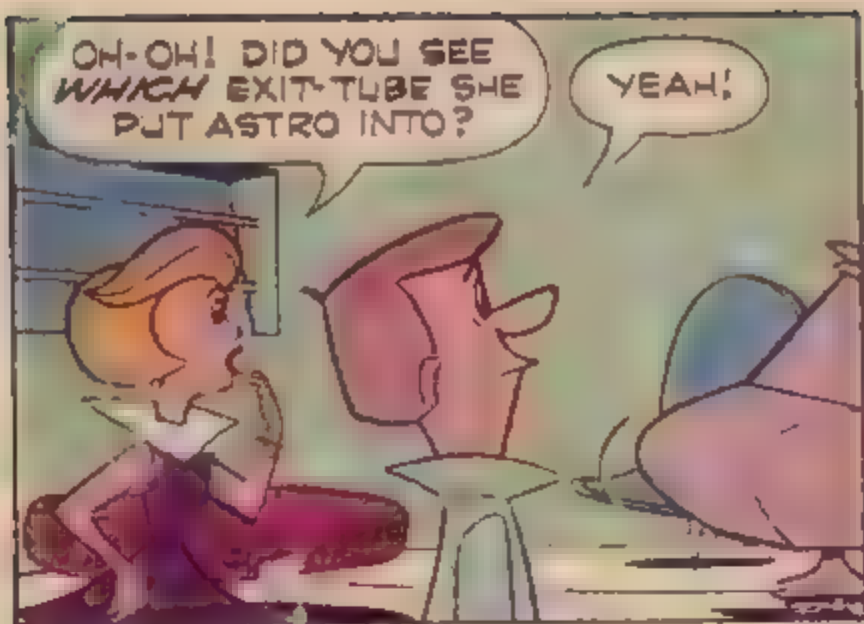




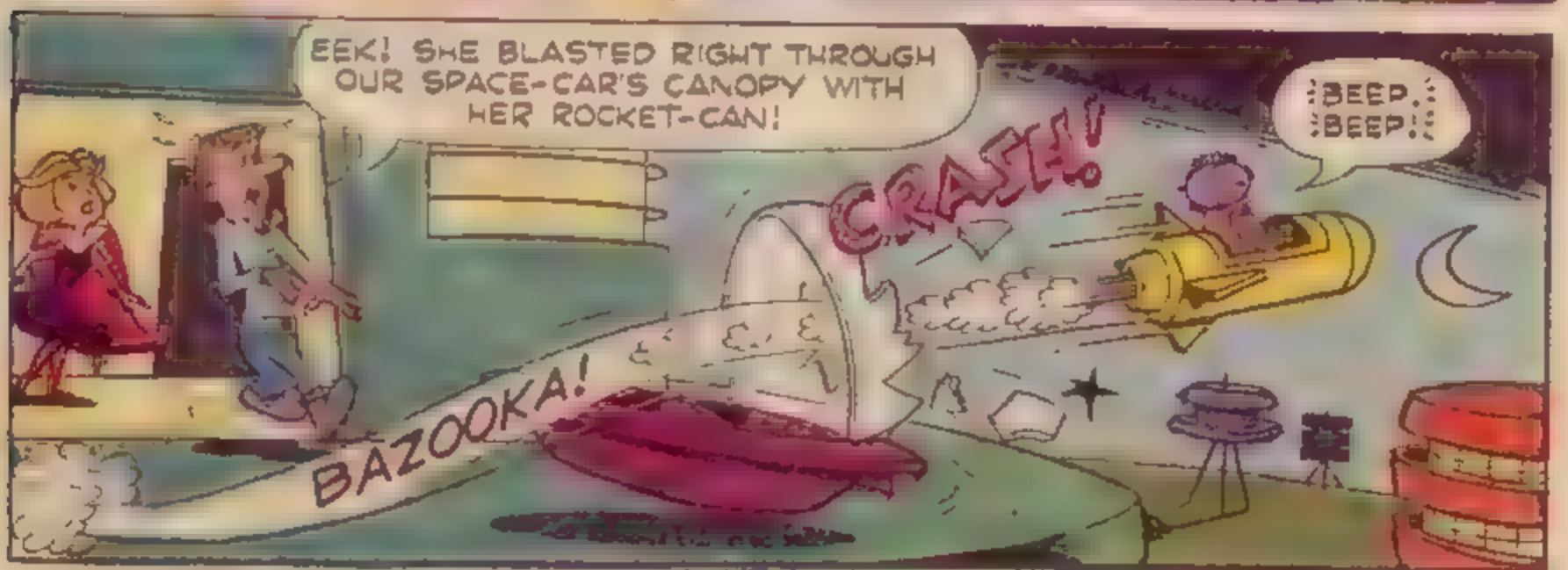
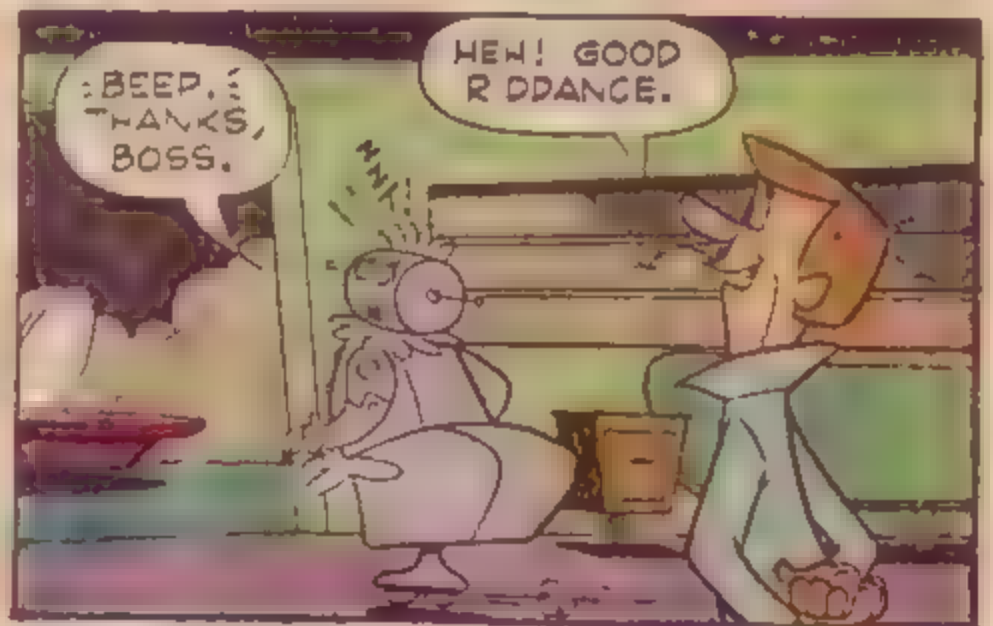
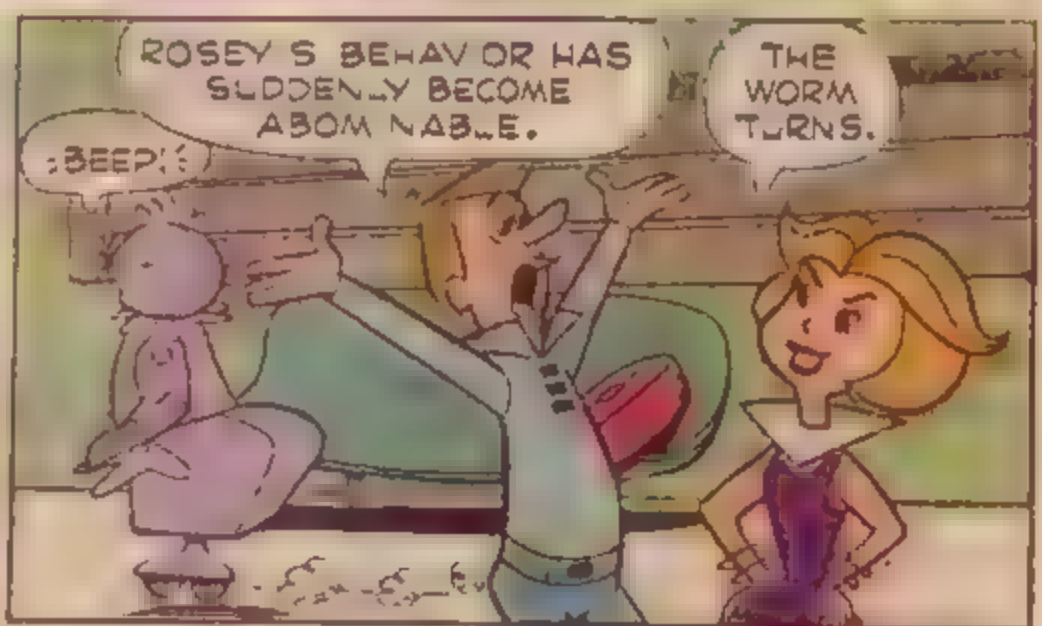
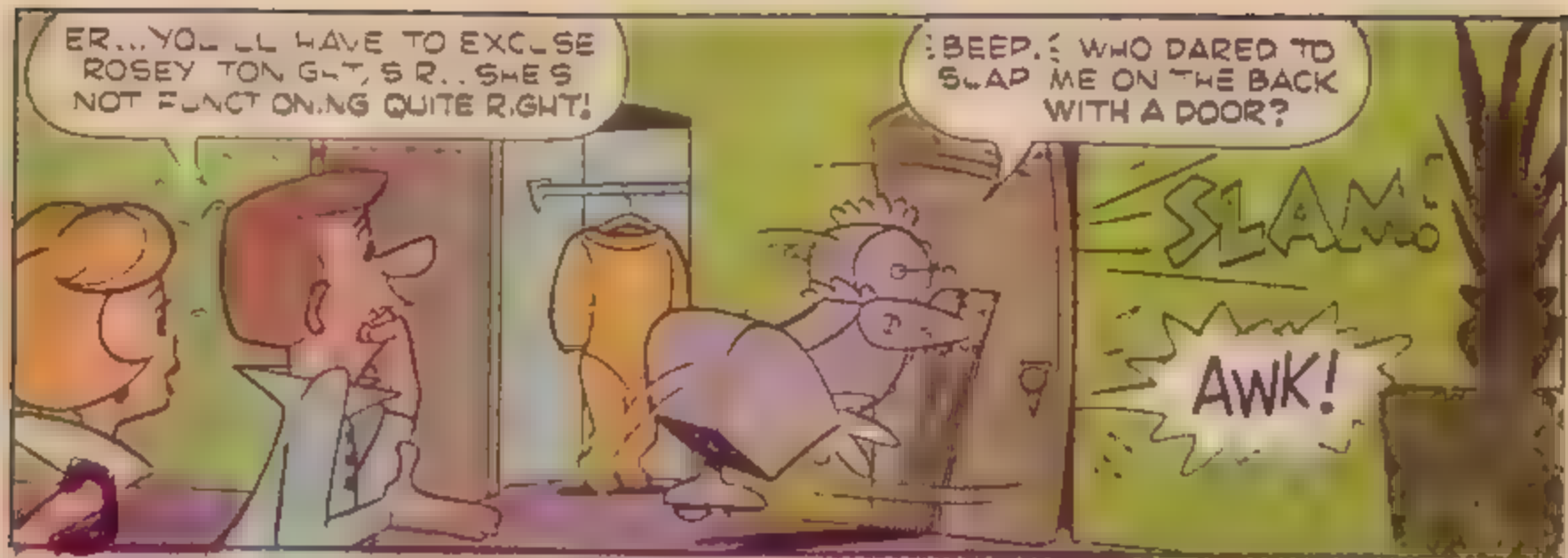




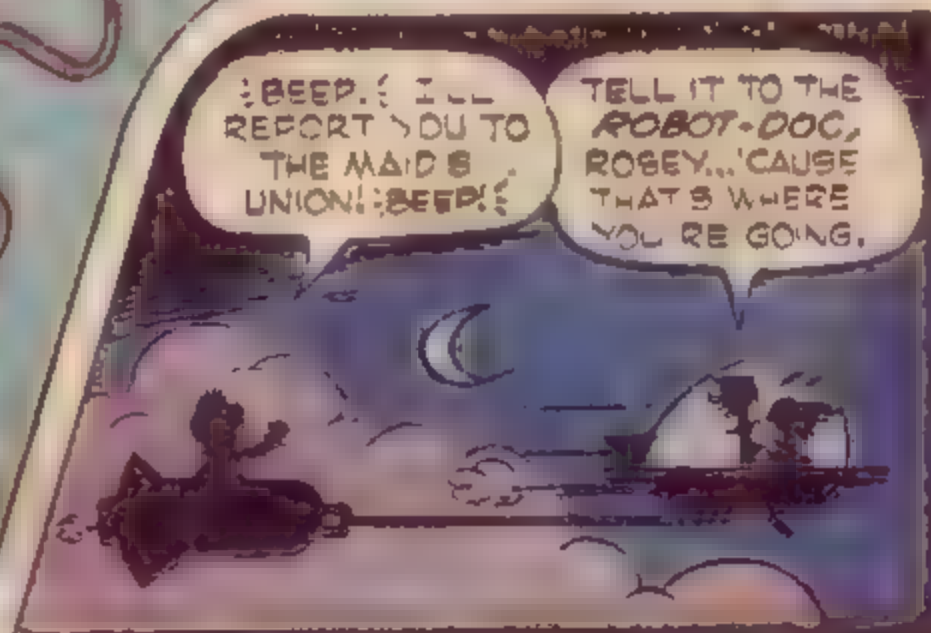
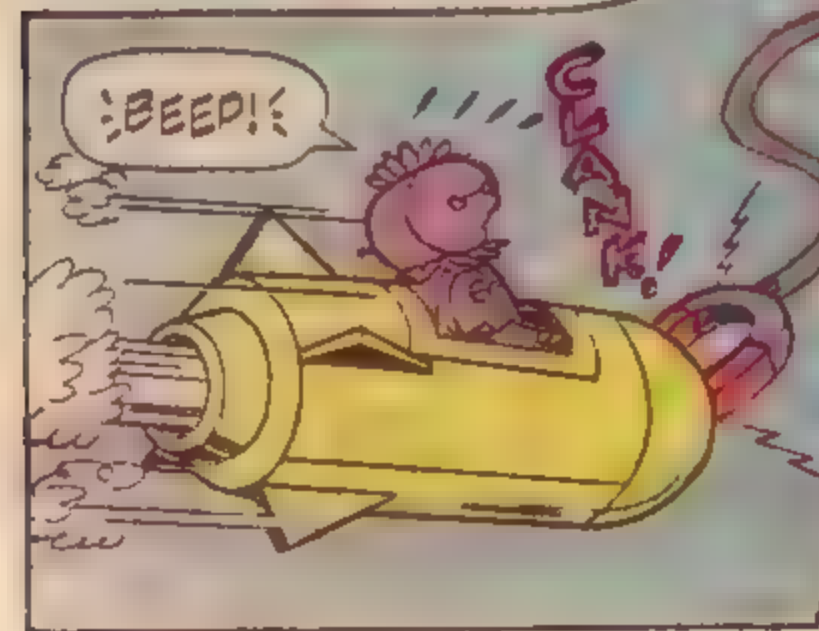
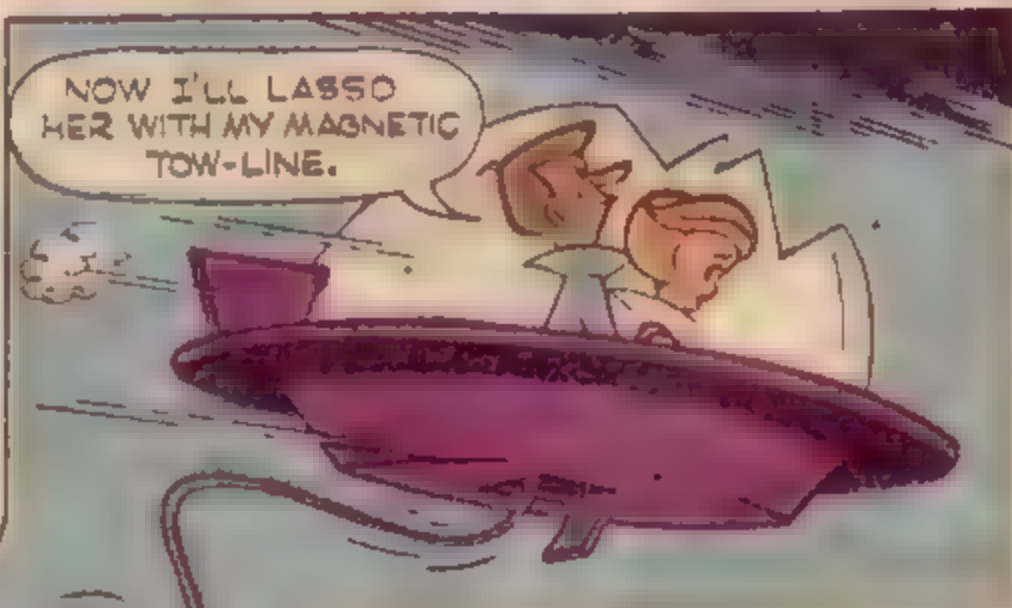
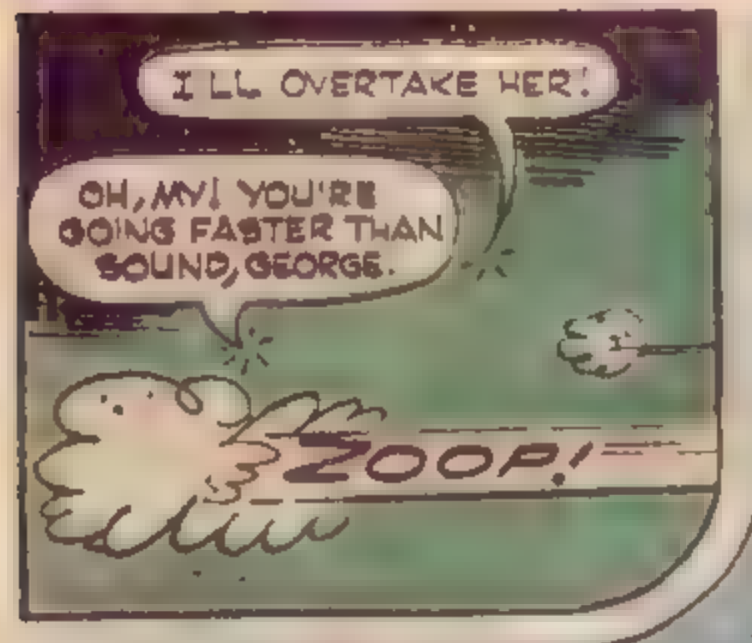
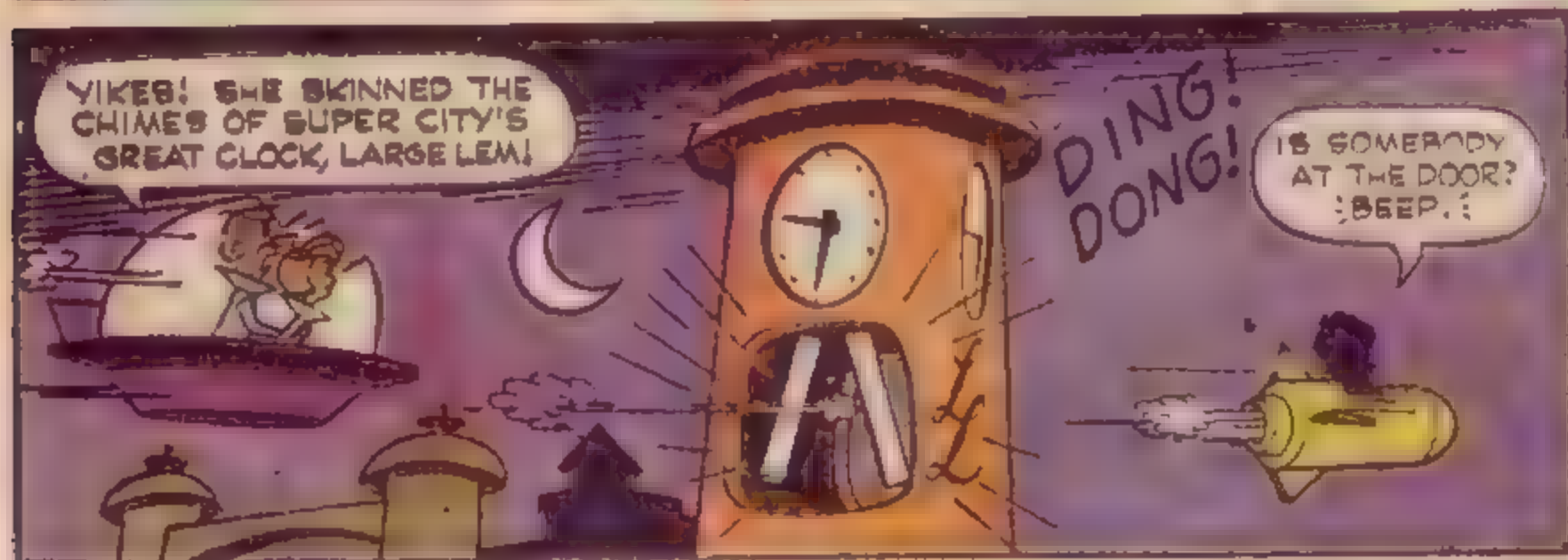
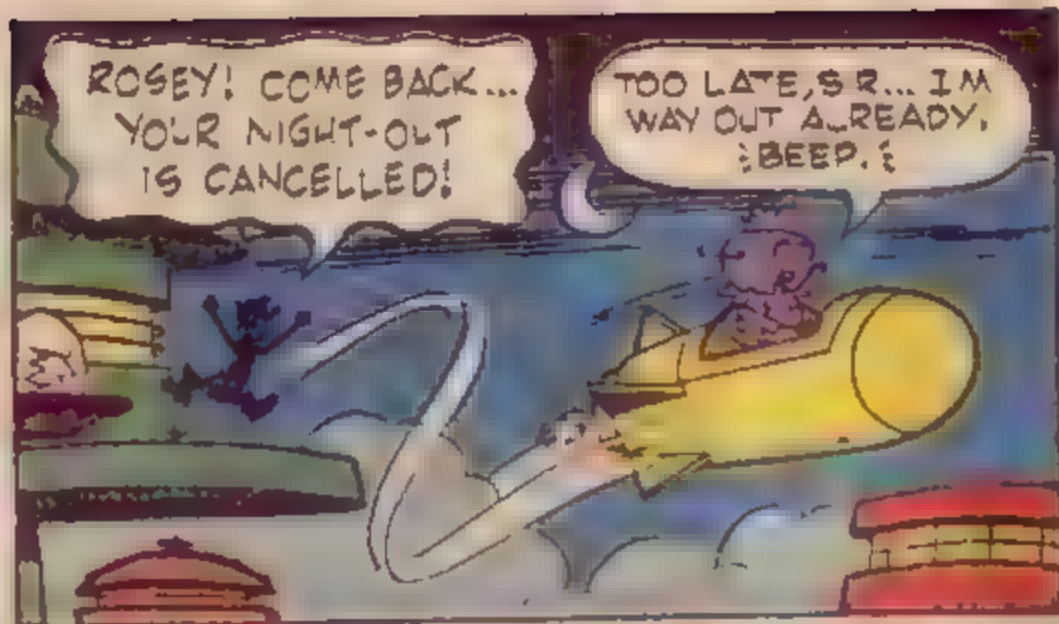
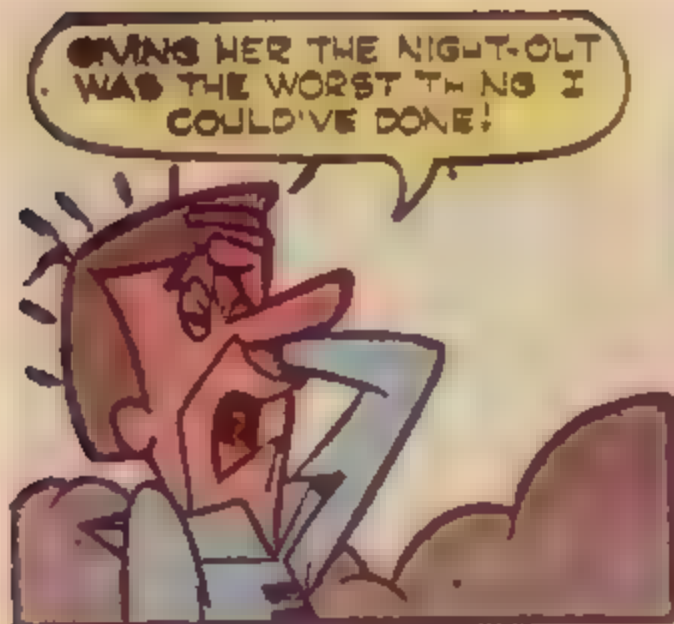




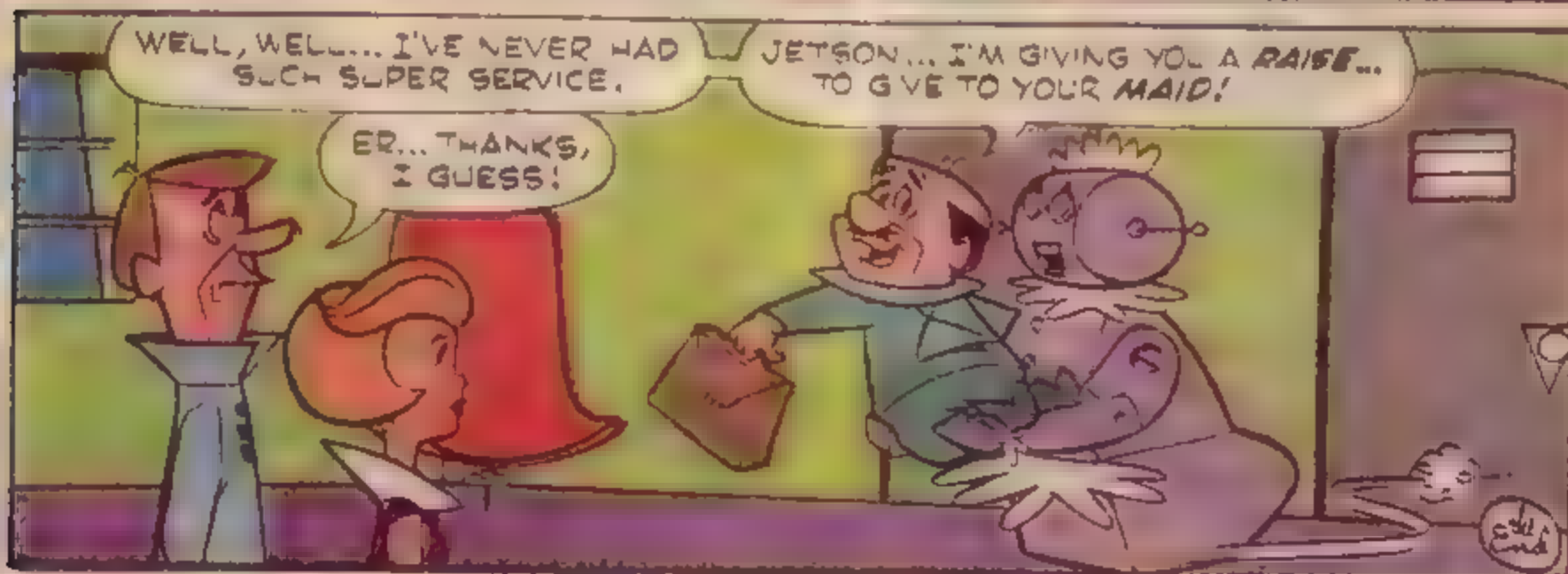
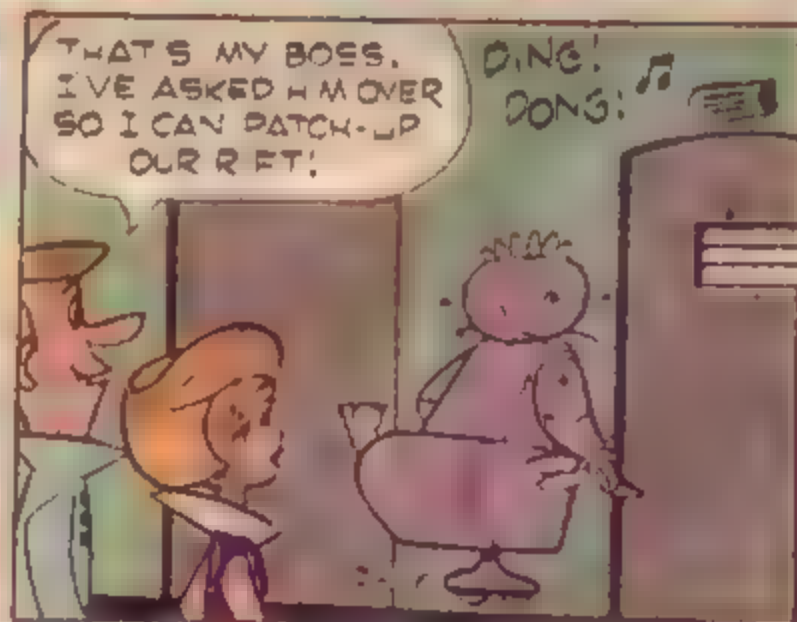
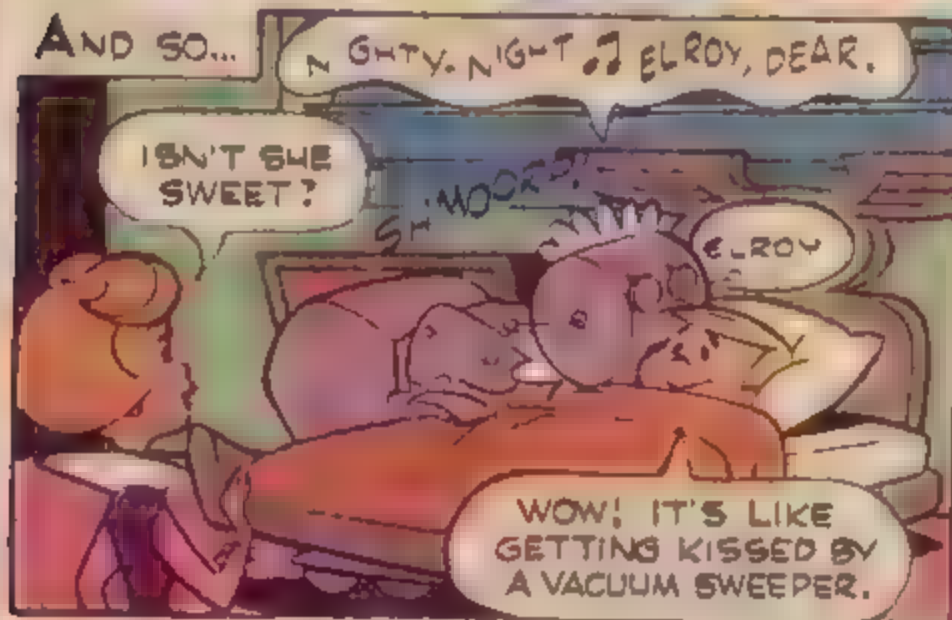
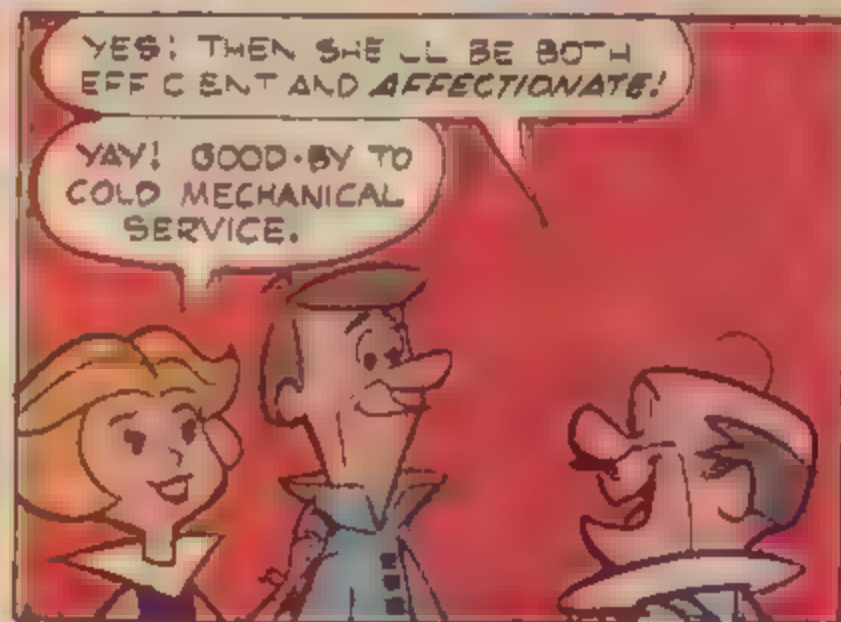
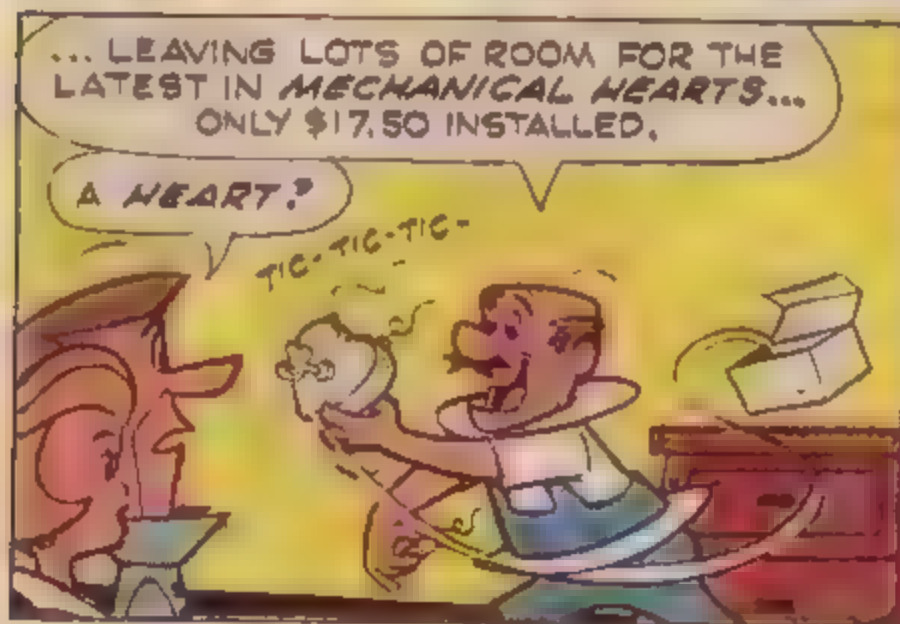
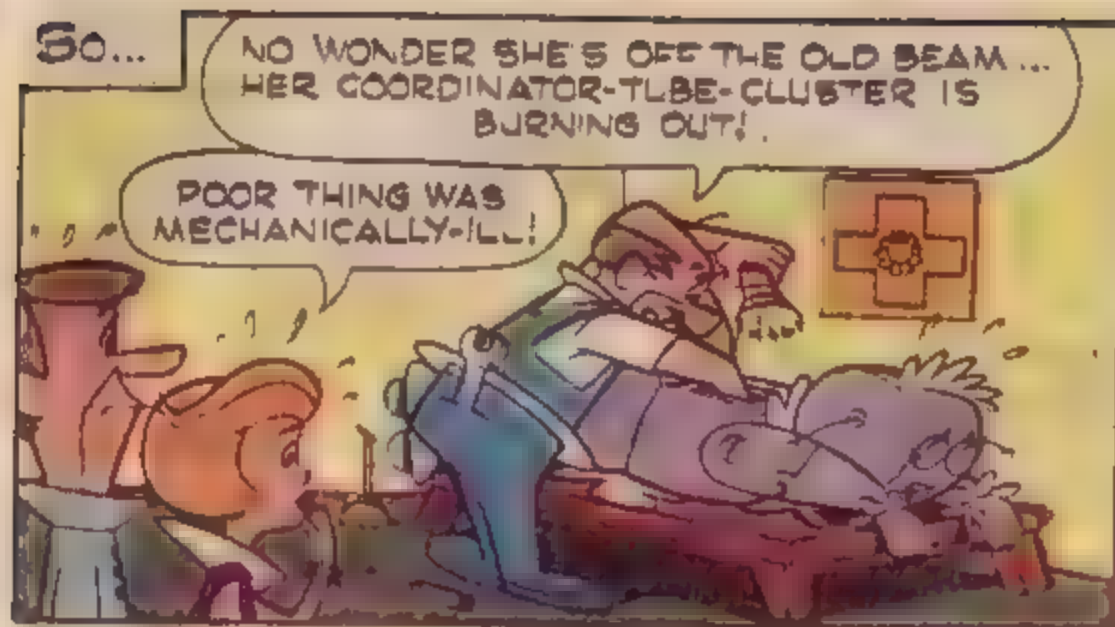














ELROY! WHAT  
IN THE UNIVERSE  
ARE YOU AND  
ASTRO DOING  
WITH MY FUR  
COAT?!

I'M PLAYING INTERPLANETARY  
BIG GAME HUNTER, AND ASTRO  
IS A WAY-OUT CRITTER FROM  
ANOTHER WORLD!

**RARF!**

BZZ!

DAMAGE MY COAT AND YOU'LL BOTH WISH  
YOU *WERE* IN *ANOTHER WORLD*!

SORRY,  
MOM!

ZIP!

A GUY CAN'T EVEN  
PRETEND ANY MORE.

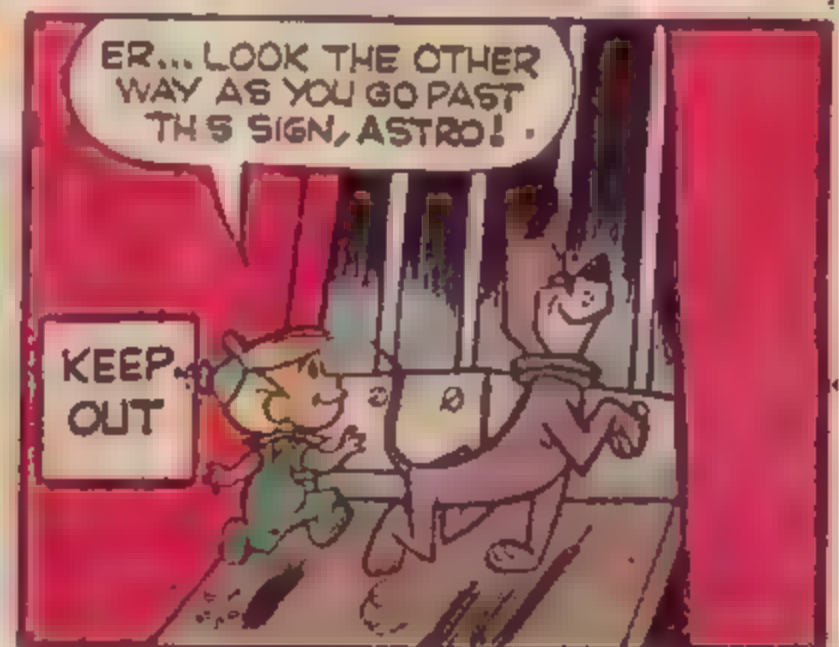
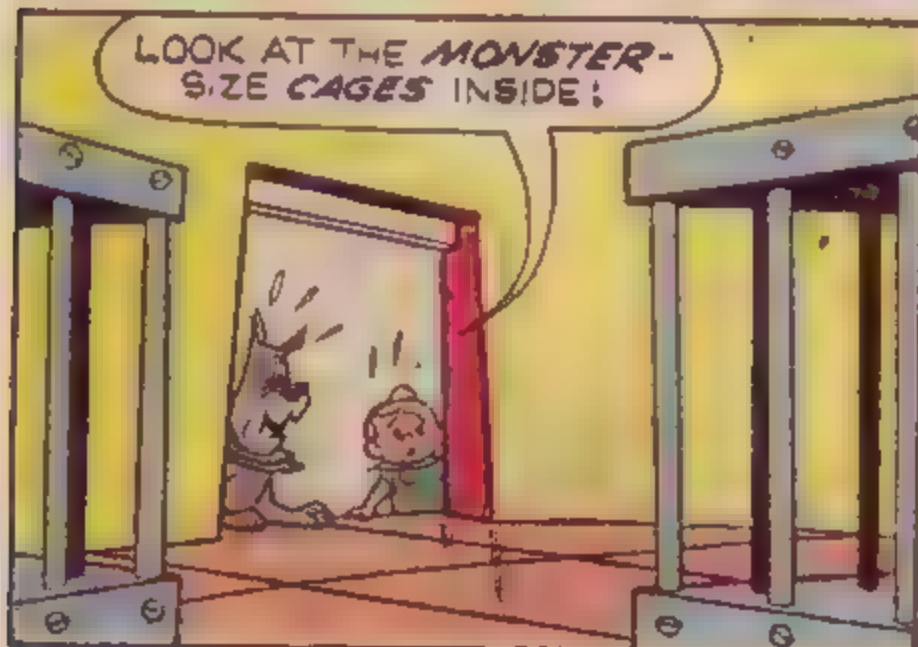
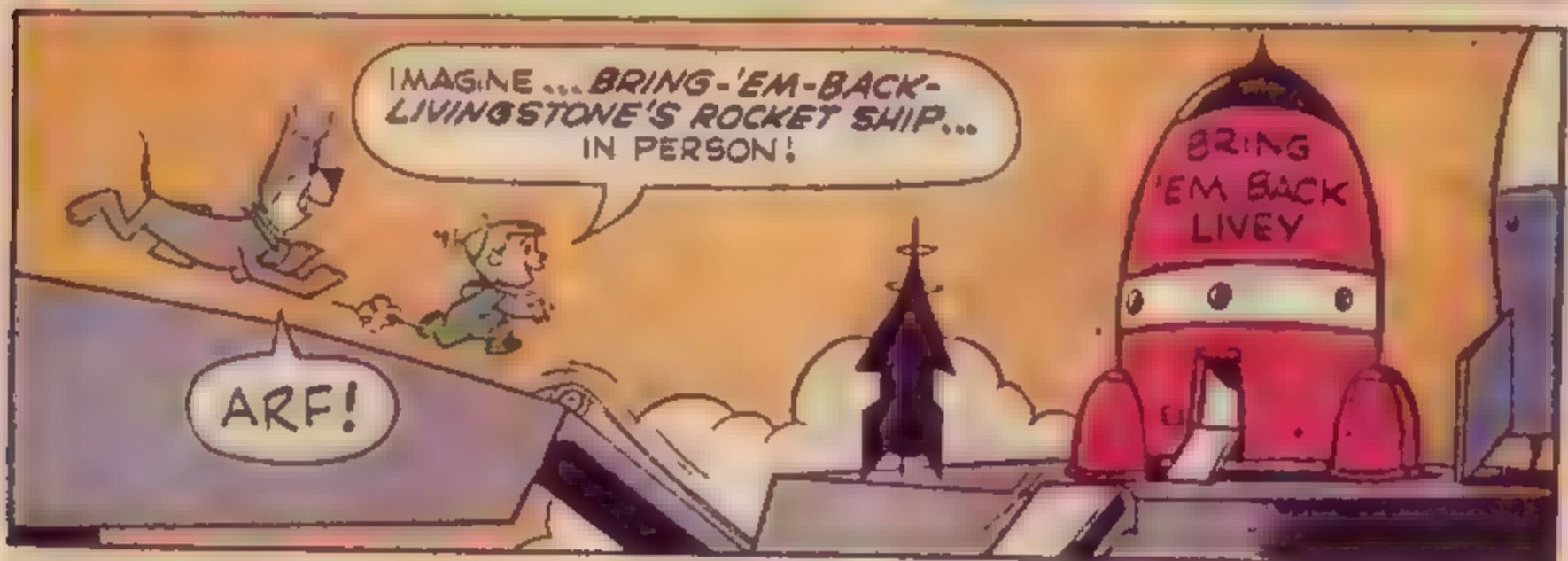
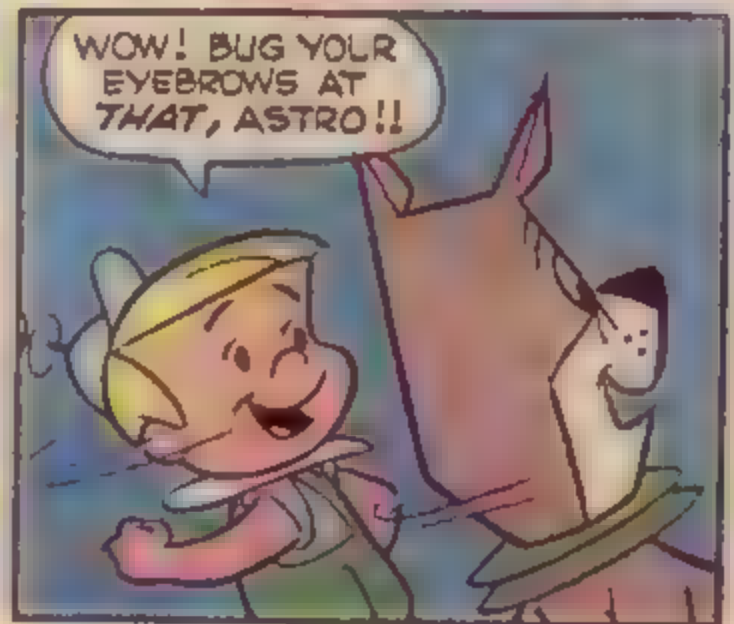
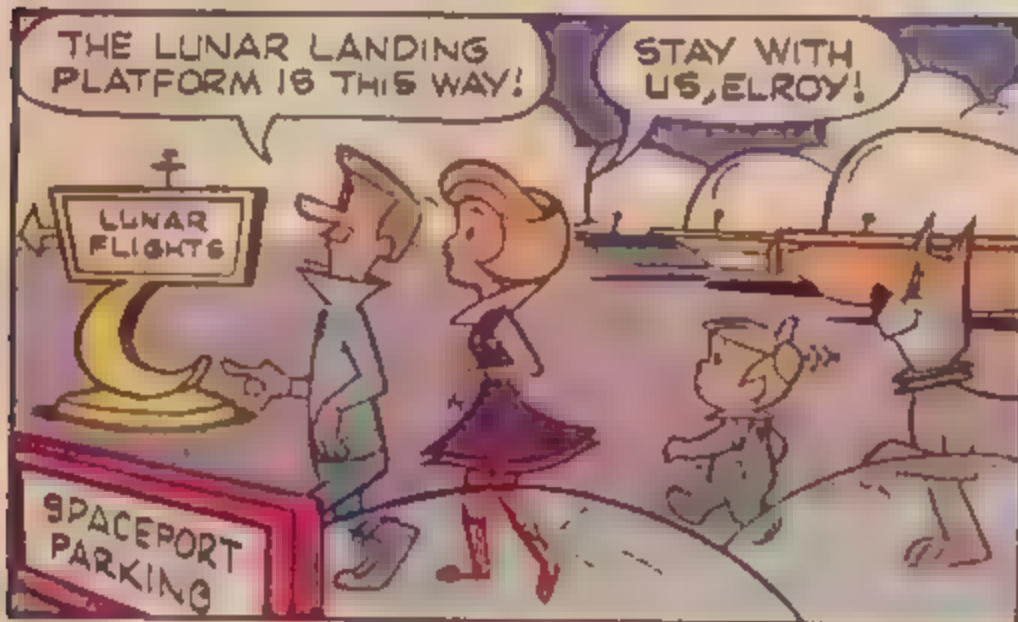
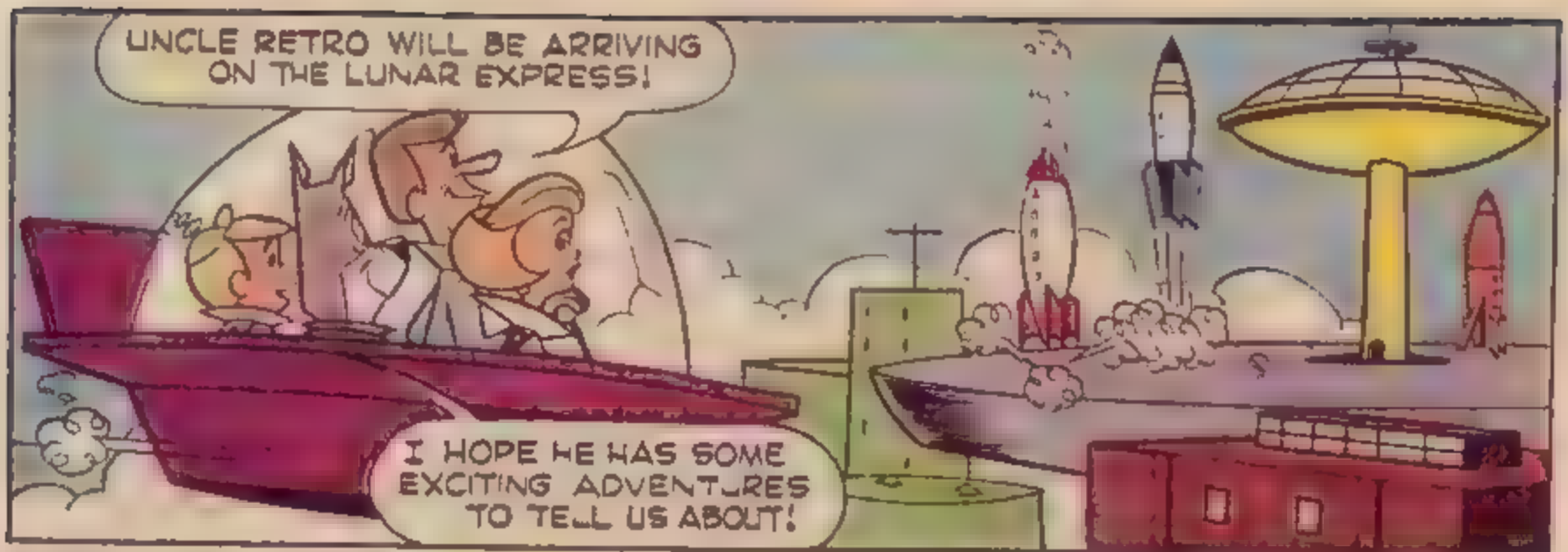
HO HUM!

Zzz!  
Zzz!

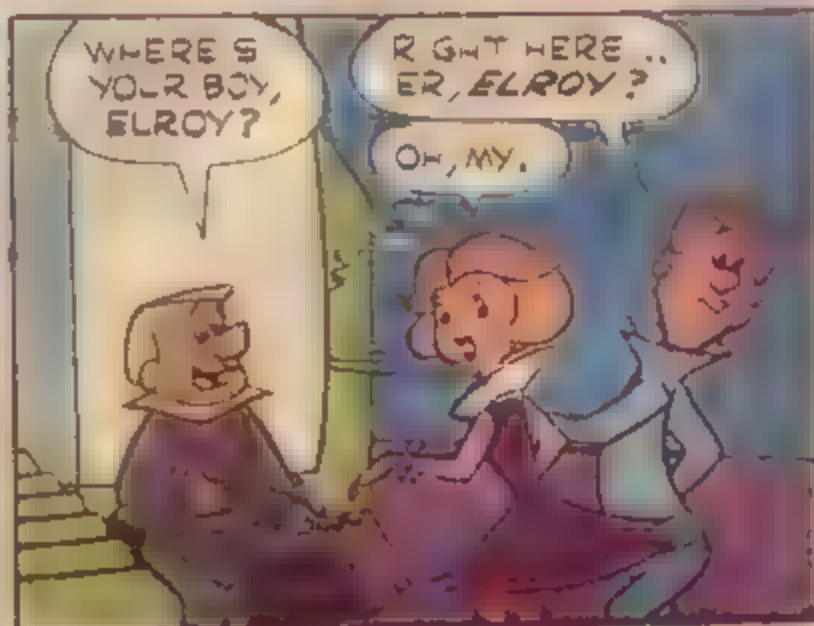
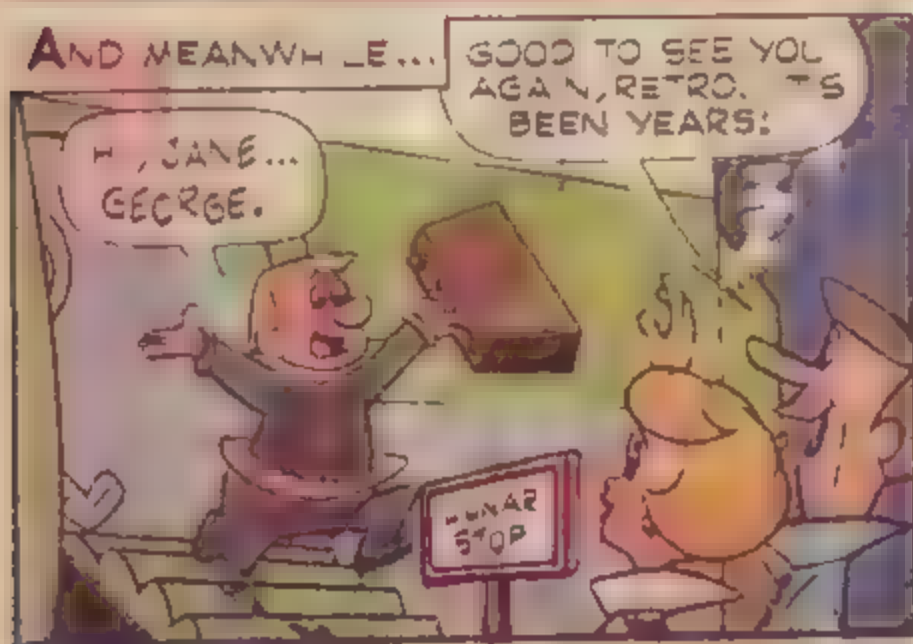
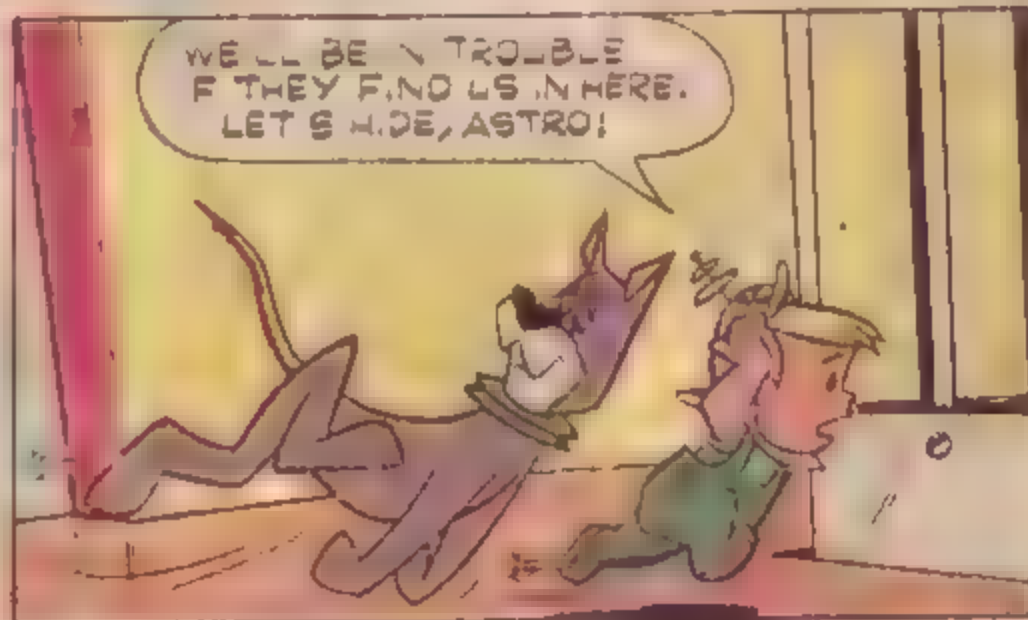
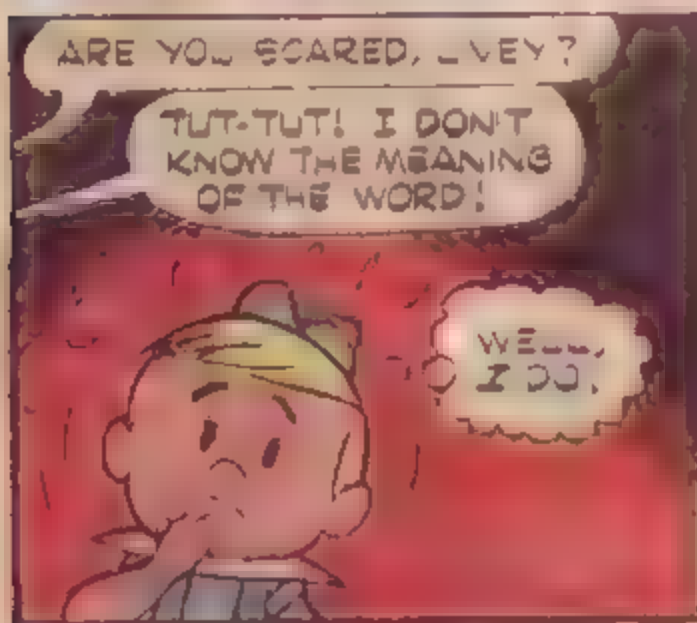
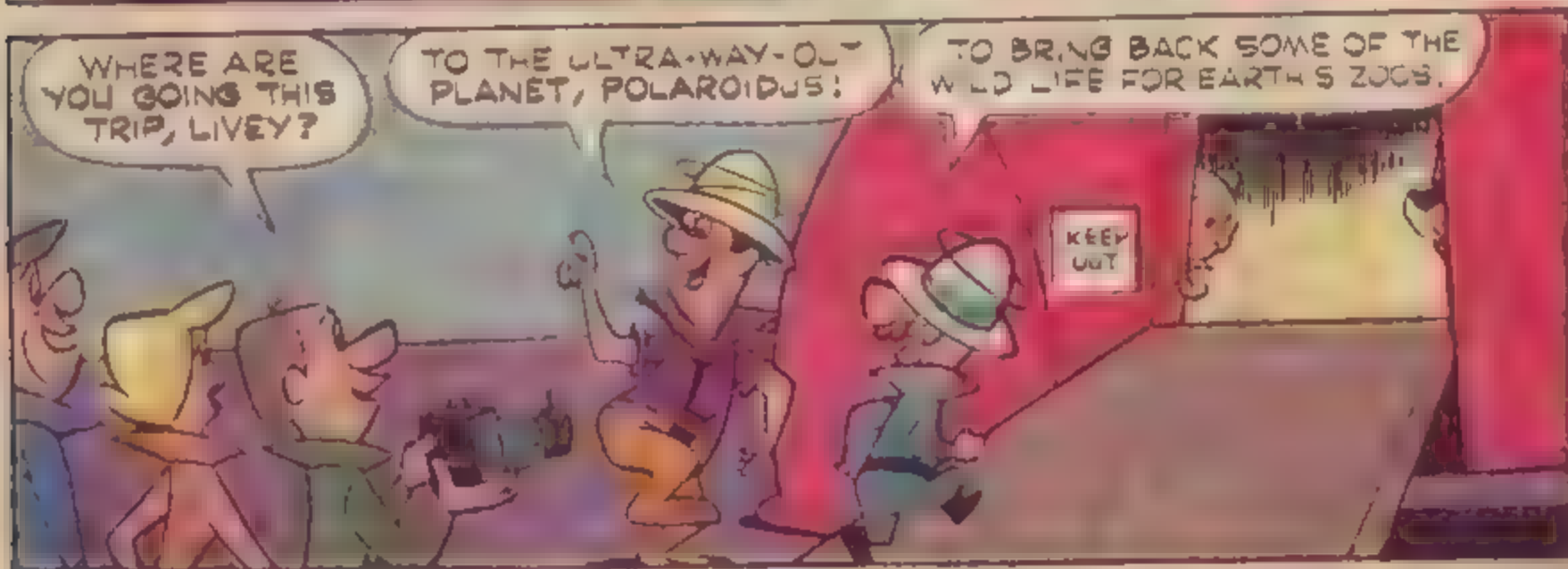
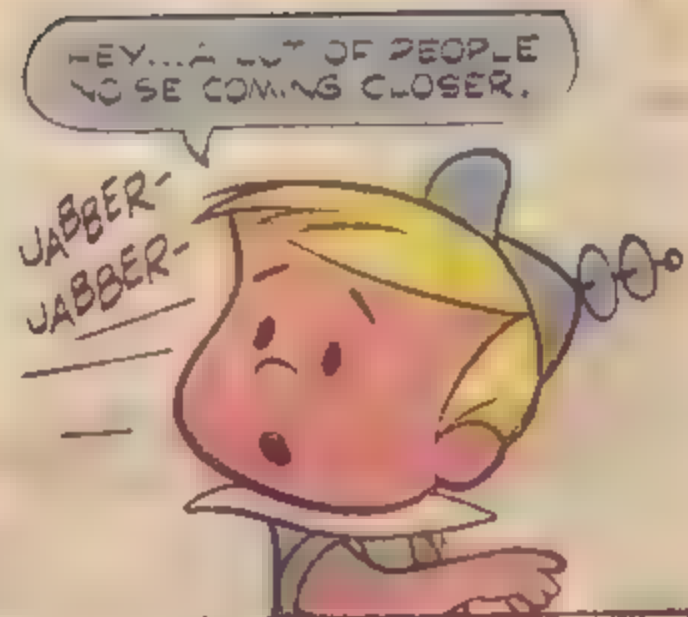
WHO WANTS TO COME TO THE  
SPACEPORT WHEN I PICK-UP  
UNCLE RETRO?

OH BOY!  
ME!

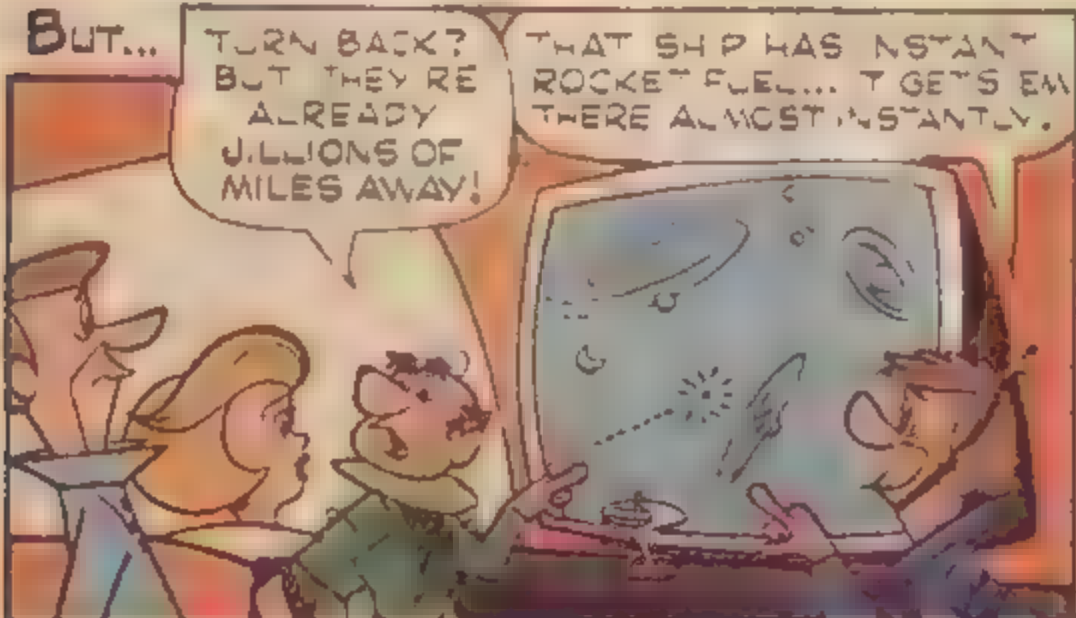
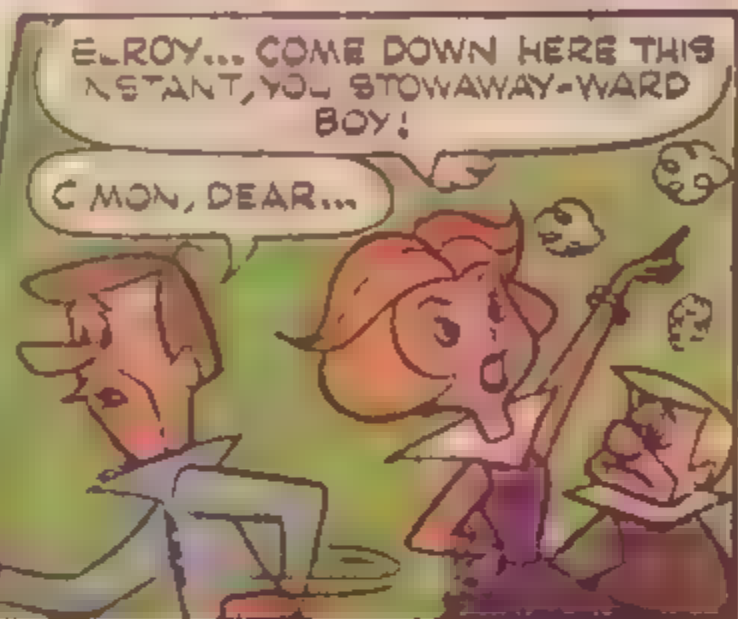
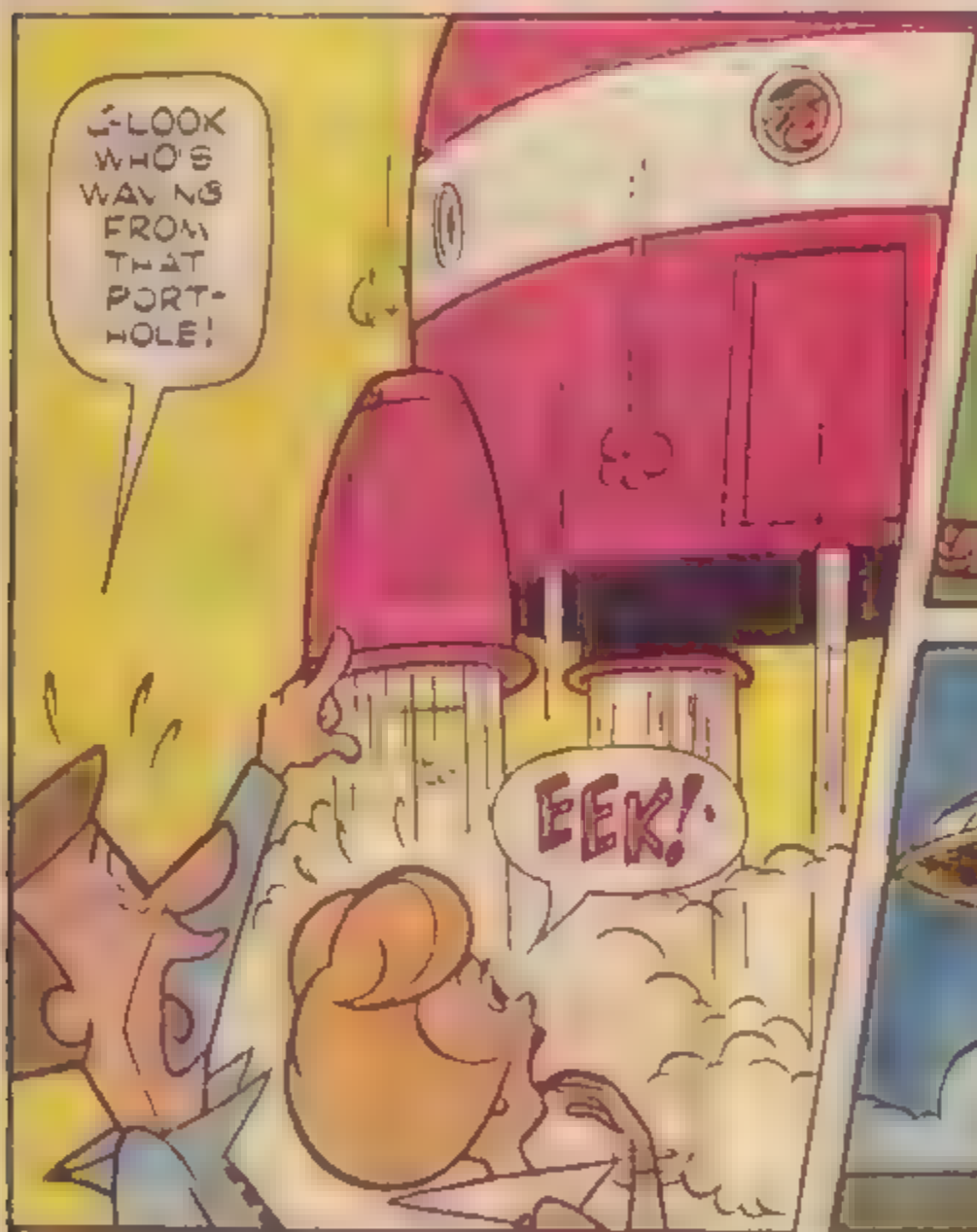
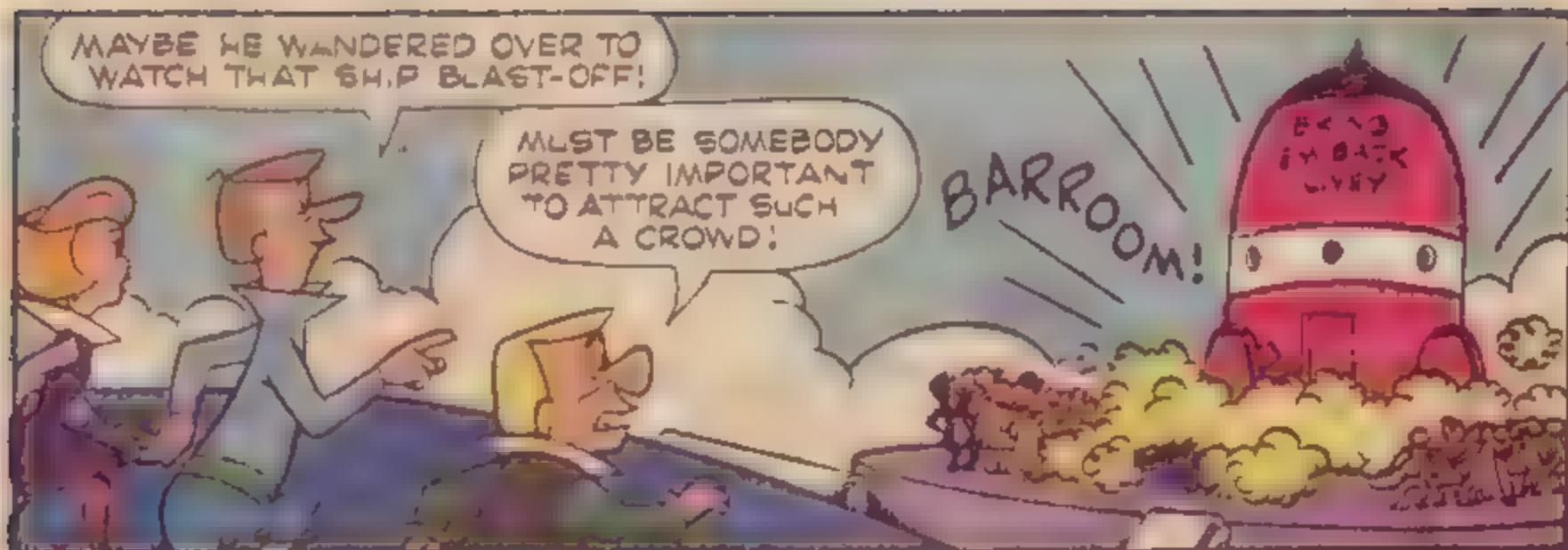




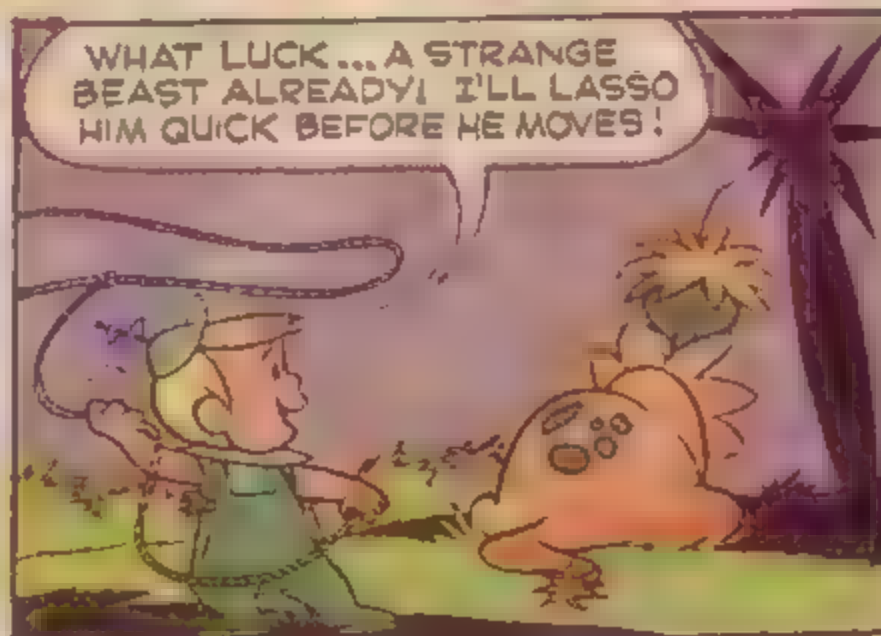
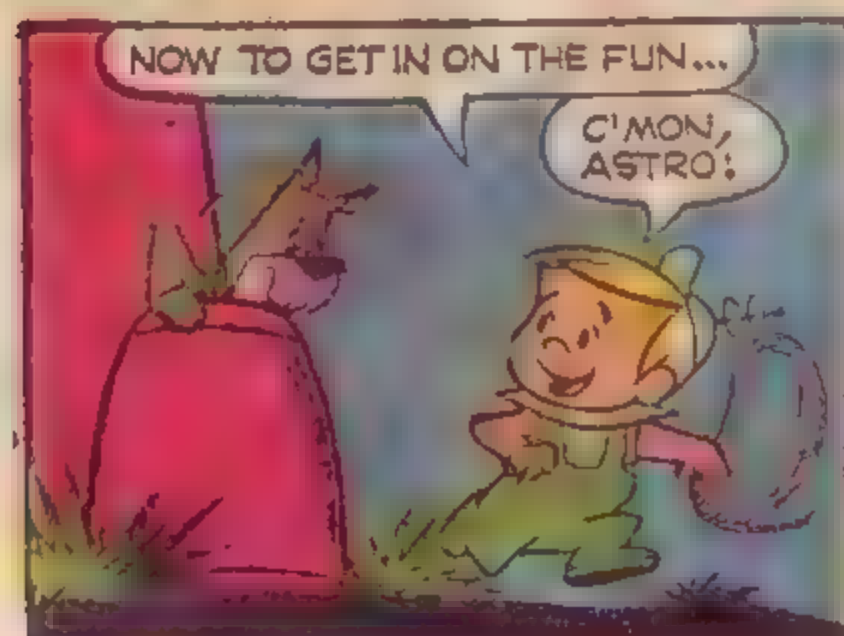
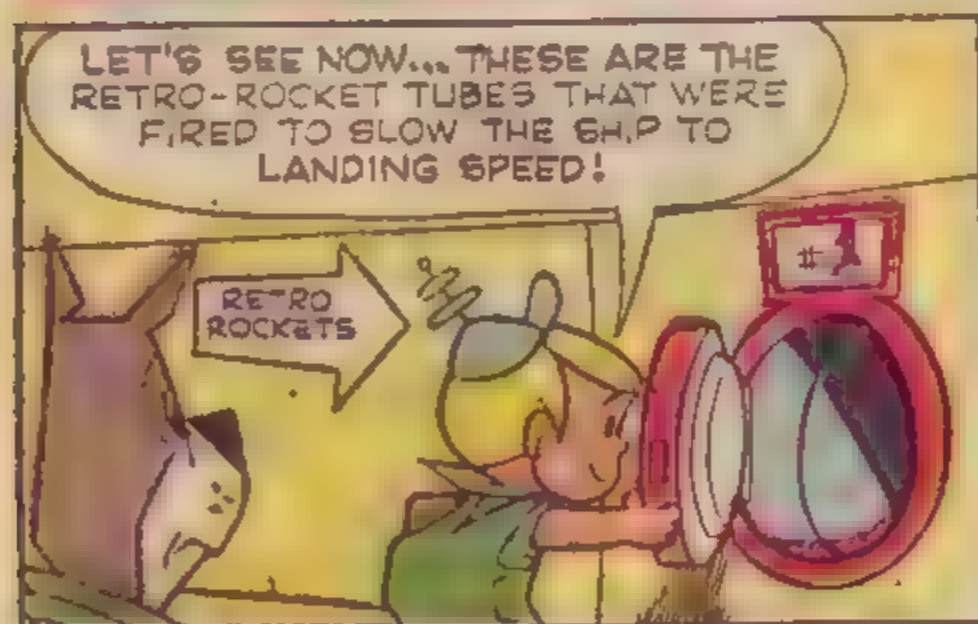
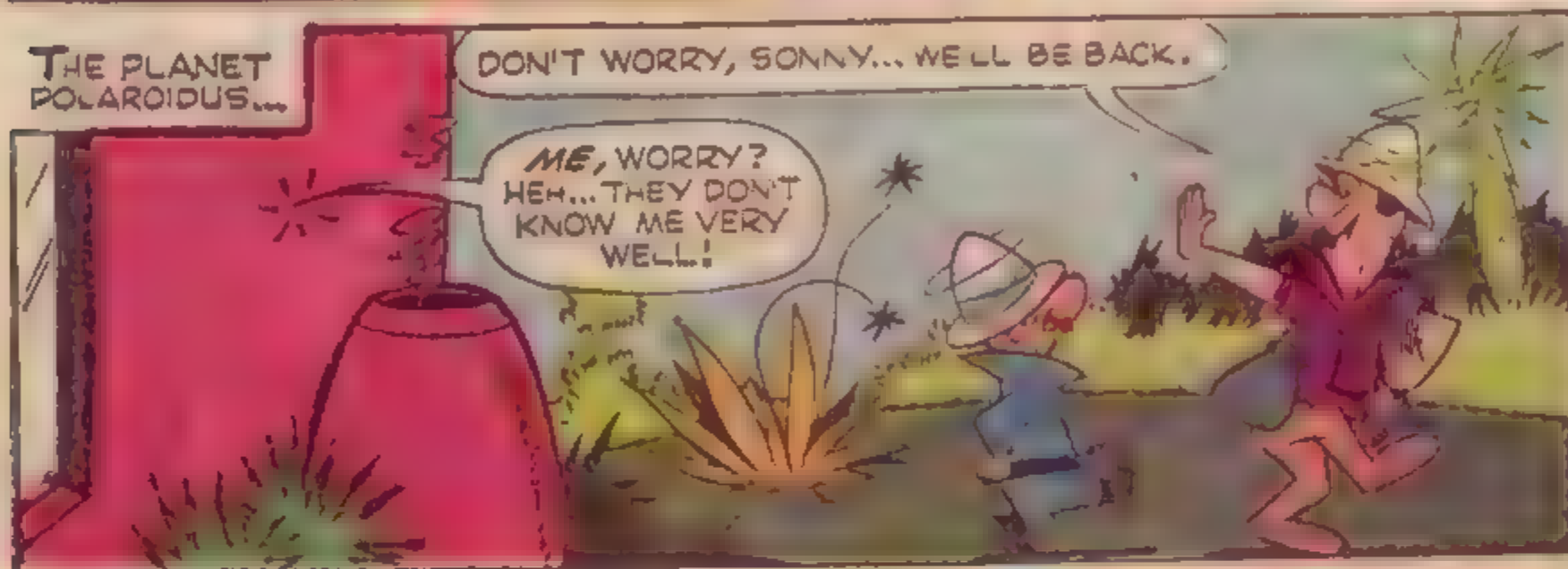
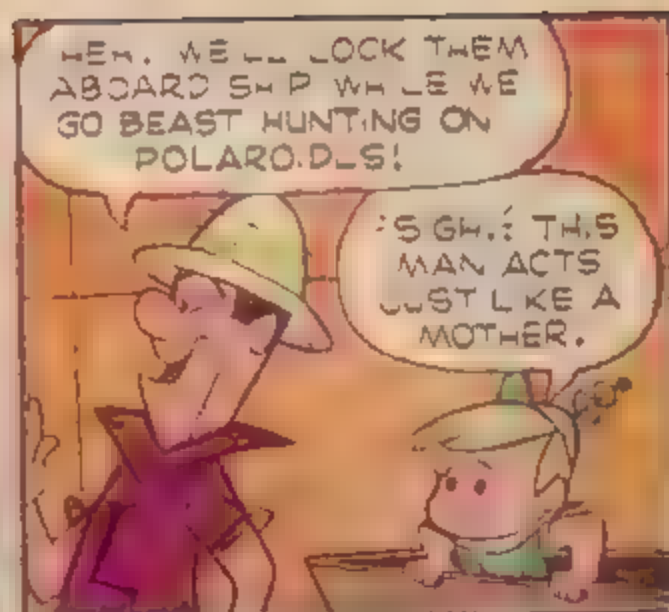




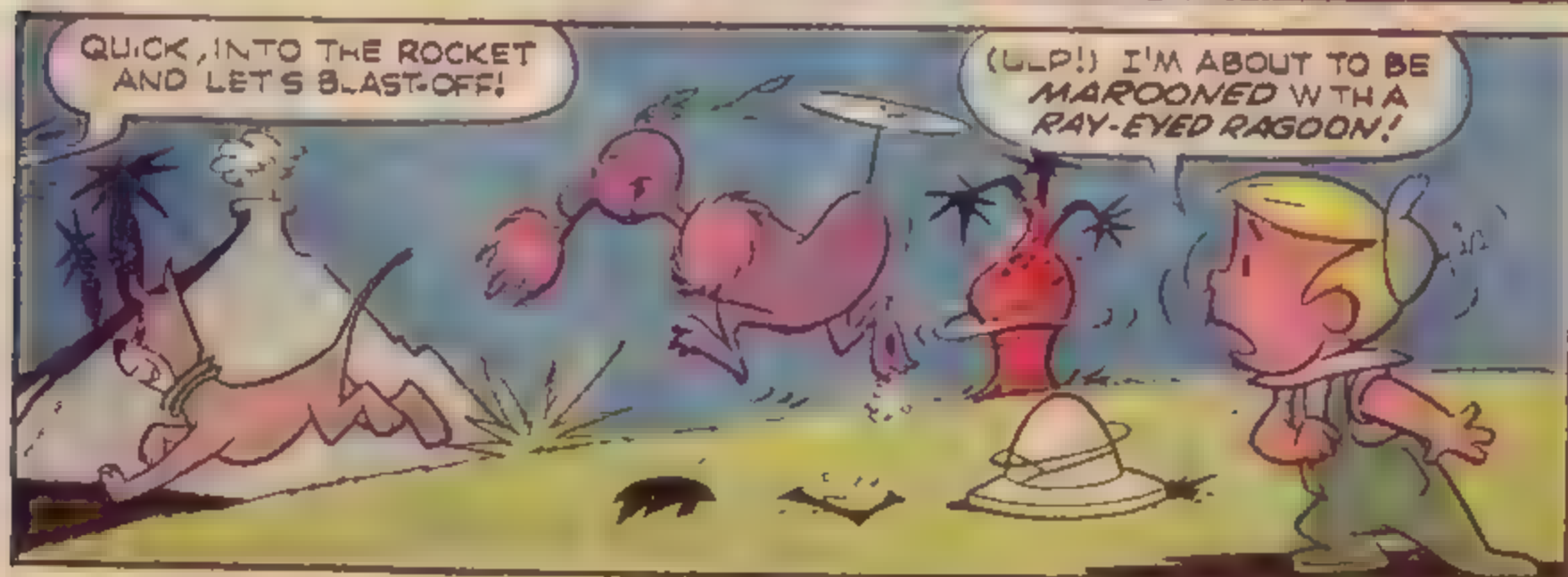
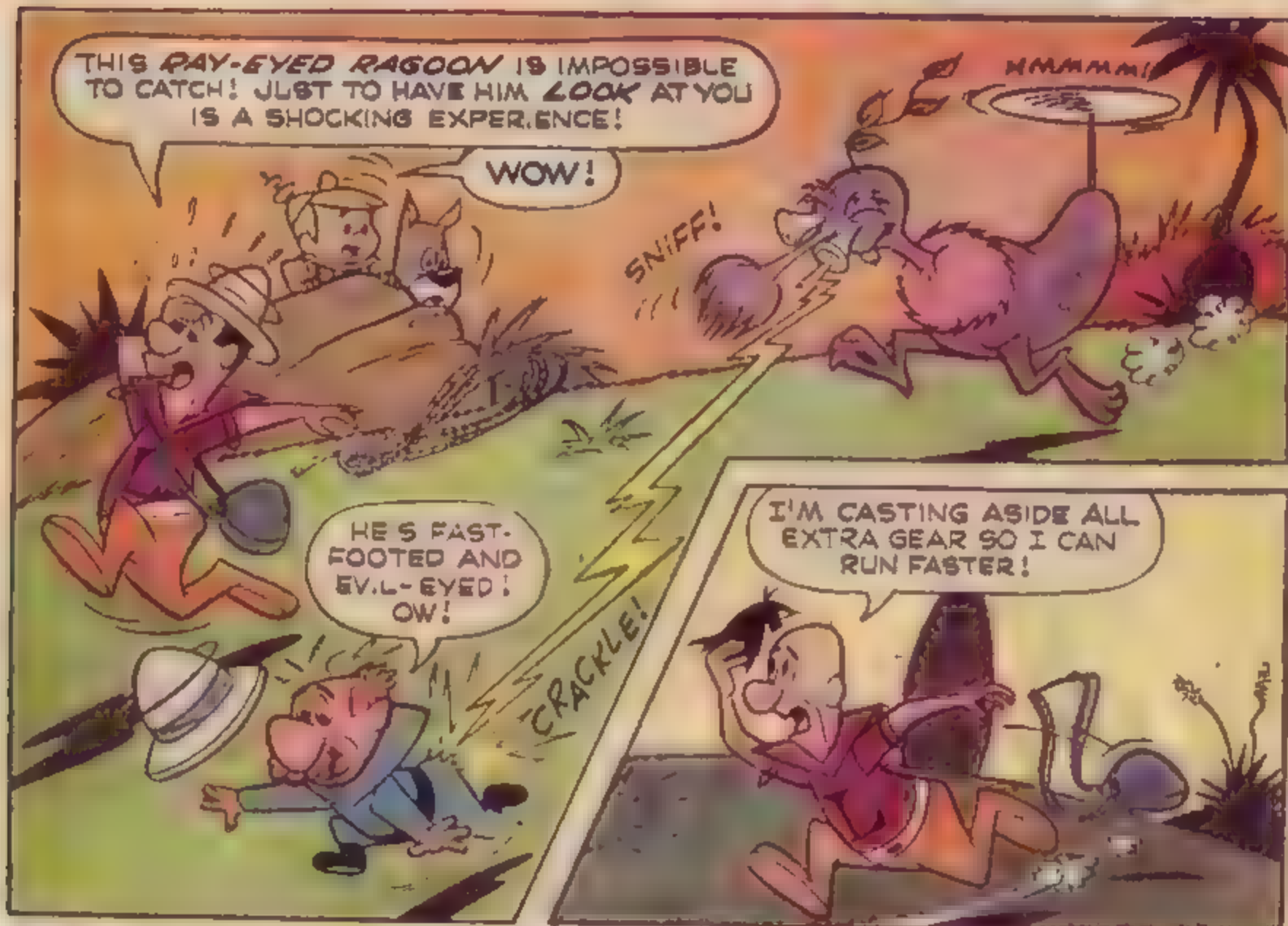
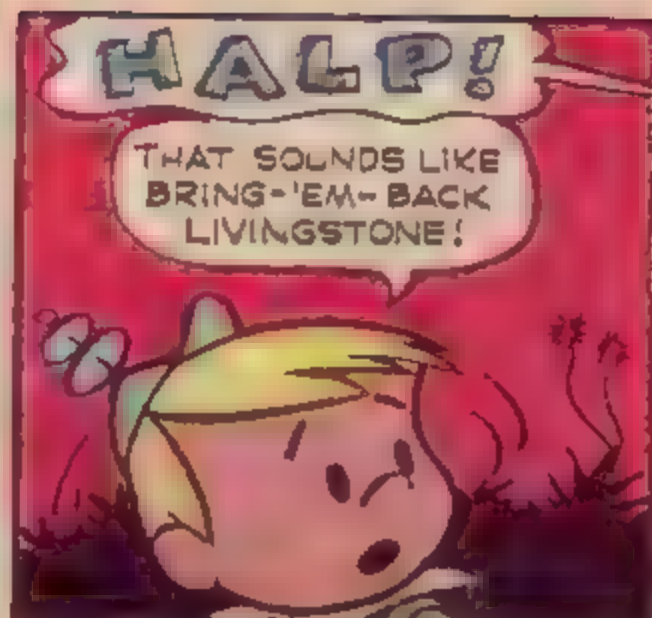
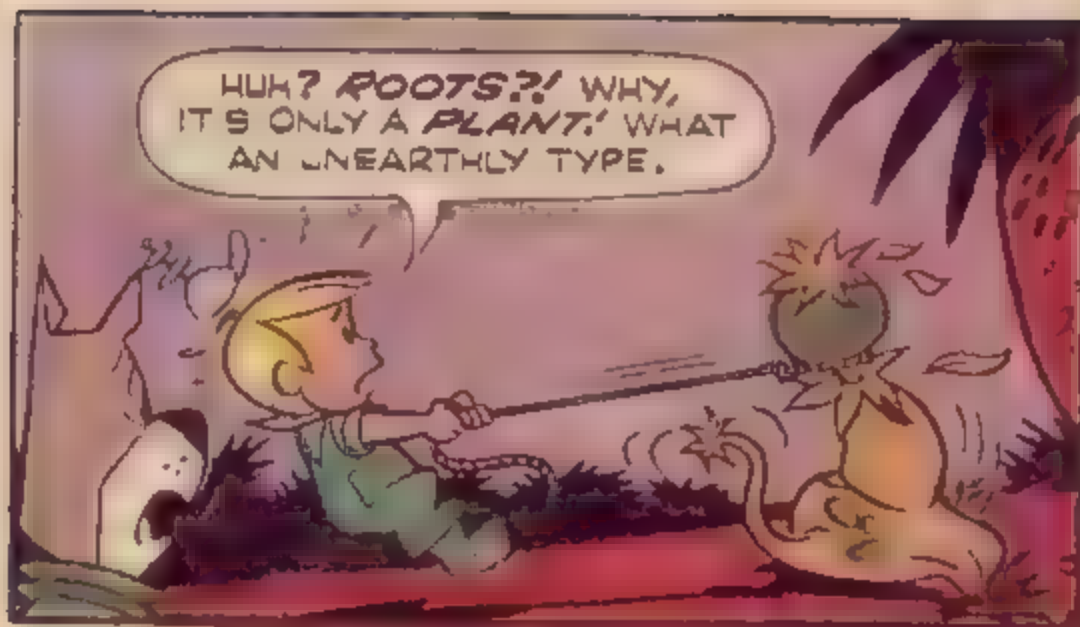




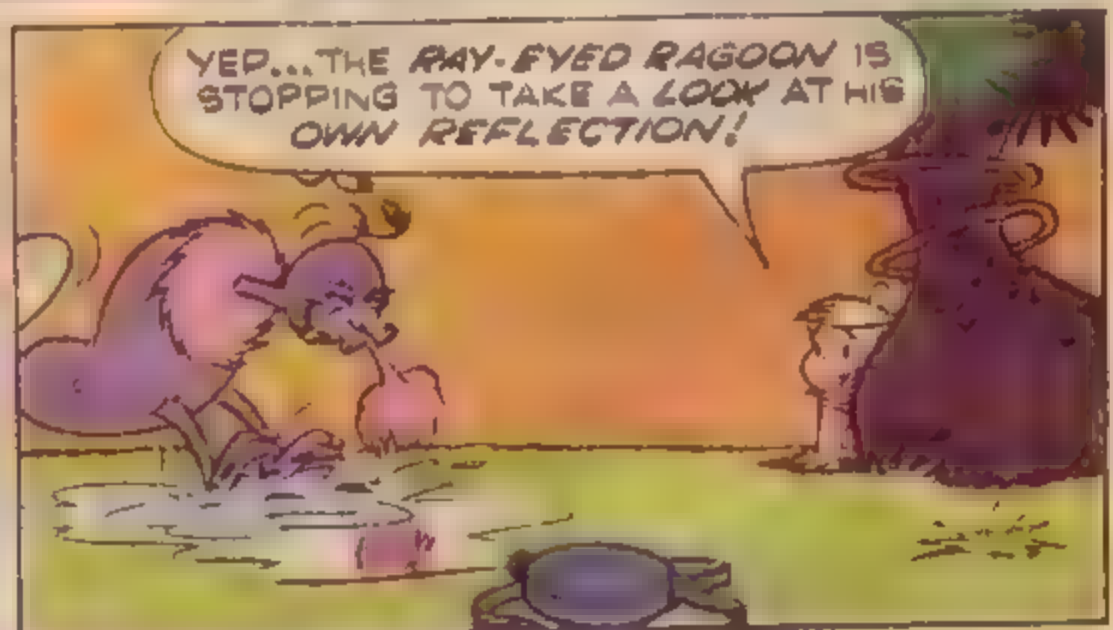
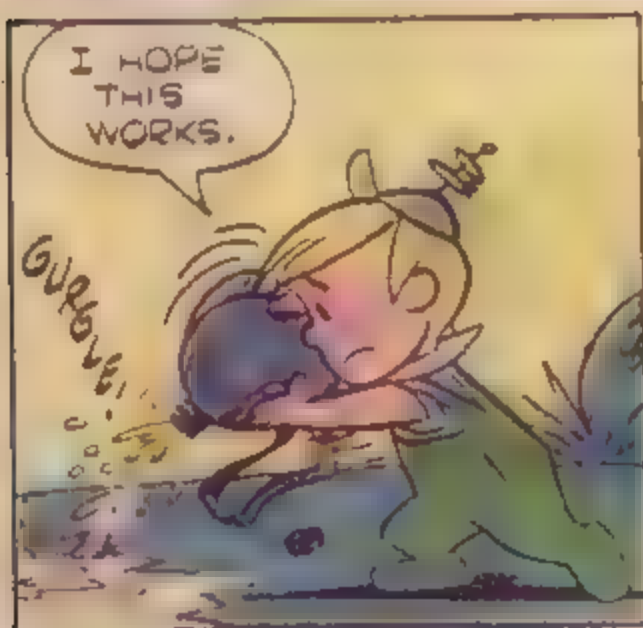
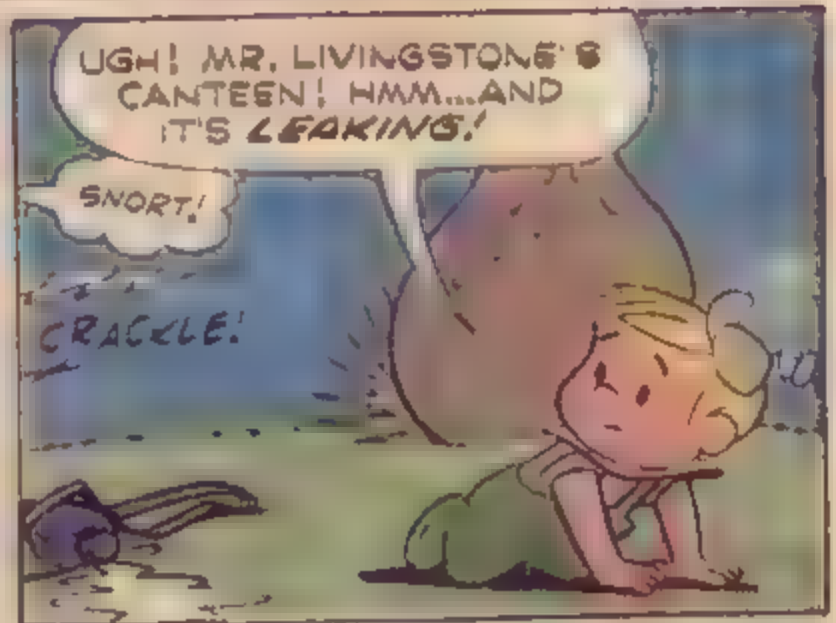
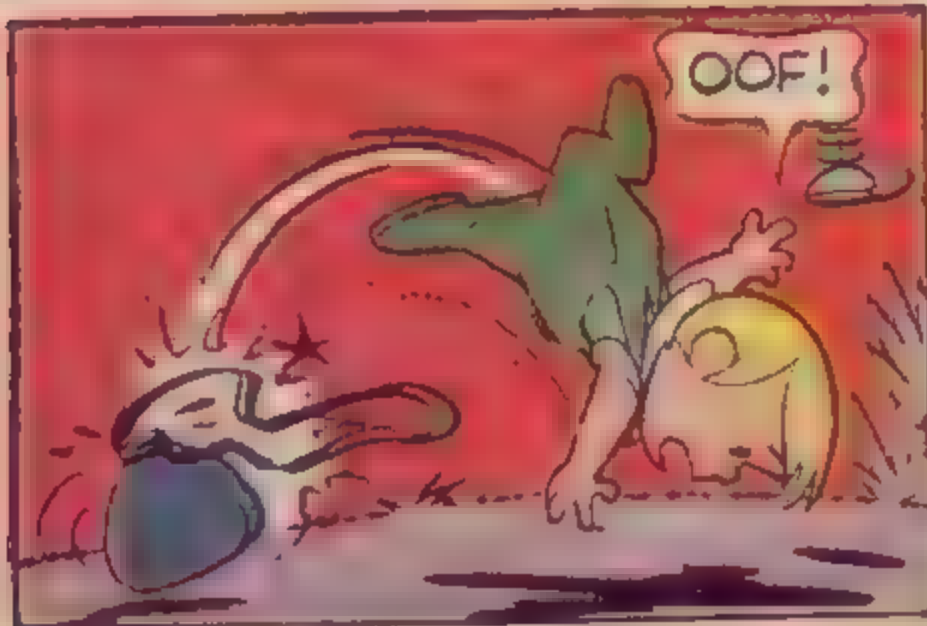
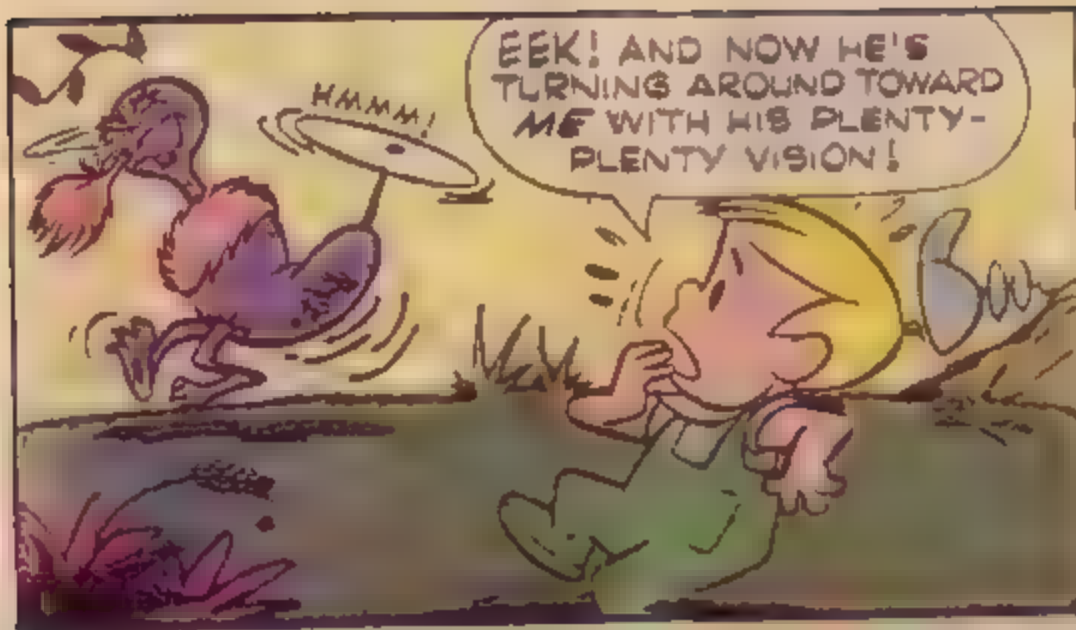




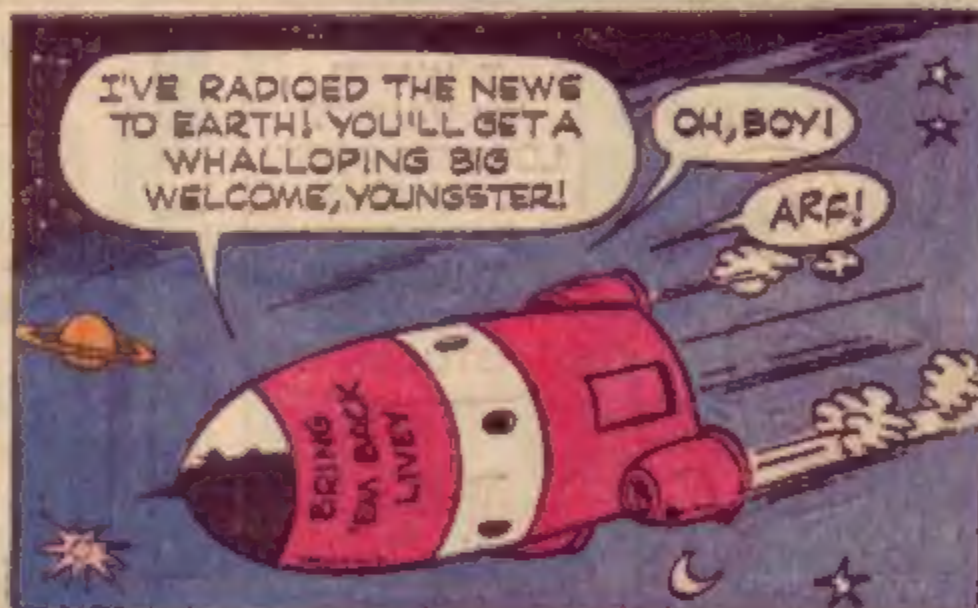
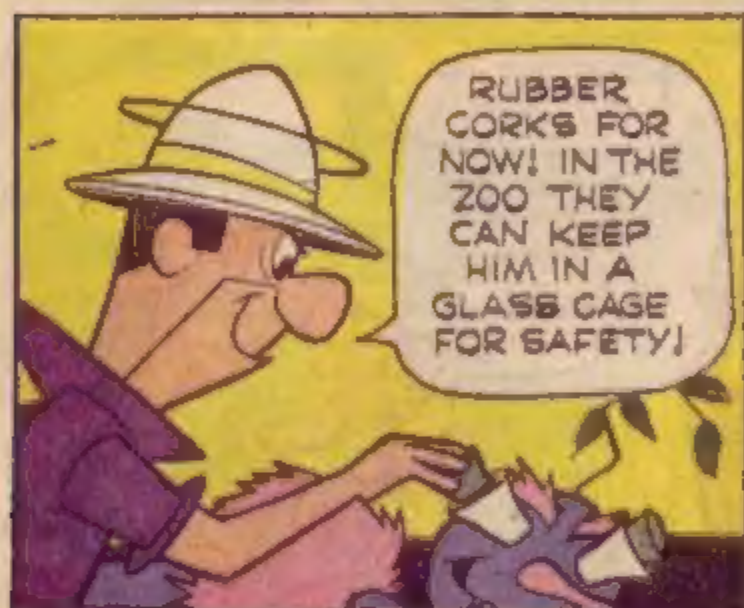
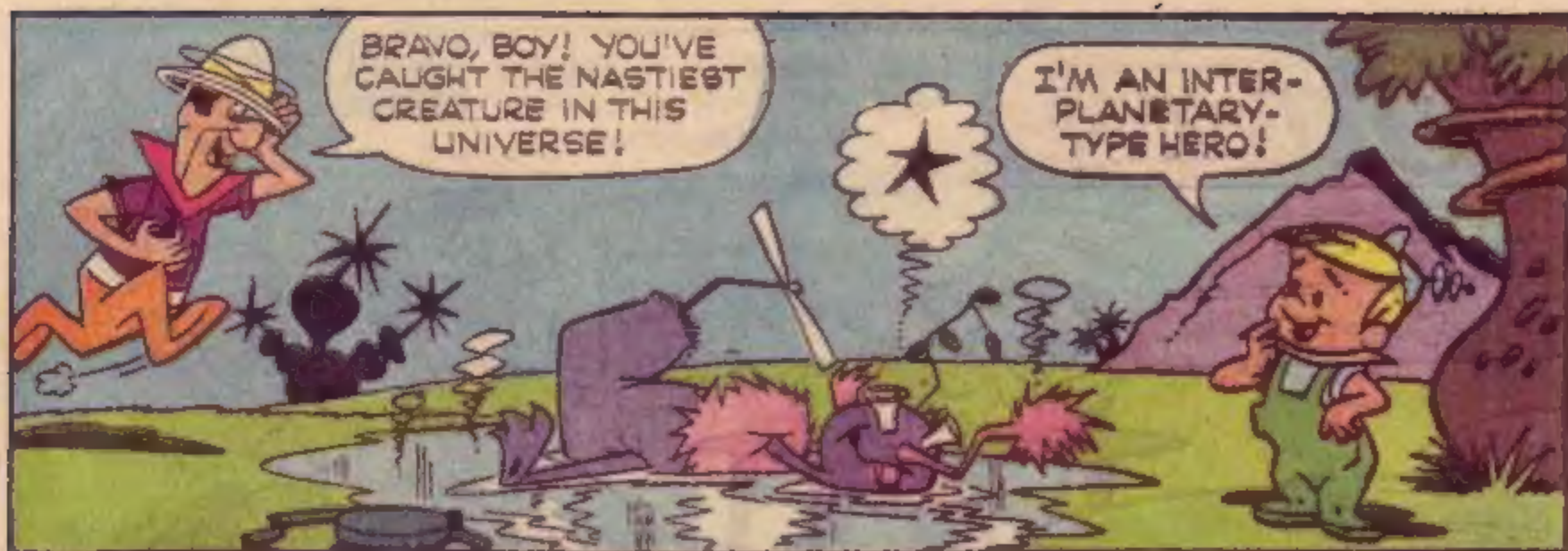














Hanna-Barbera  
**The JETSONS**

SHE HAS BEEN WORKING  
ON HER HAIR FOR OVER  
AN HOUR NOW!

JUDY HAS A  
DATE TONIGHT,  
GEORGE!



I WANT  
MY HAIR TO  
LOOK ITS BEST!  
I HAVE A  
DATE WITH  
THAT NEW  
EXCHANGE  
STUDENT!



HERE HE IS  
NOW, JUDY!

I'LL BE  
RIGHT WITH  
YOU, ALI!



HAVE A GOOD TIME, KIDS!



SEVERAL  
HOURS  
LATER...

LAST TIME I'LL EVER  
WORK ON MY HAIR SO  
LONG FOR HIM!

WHY?

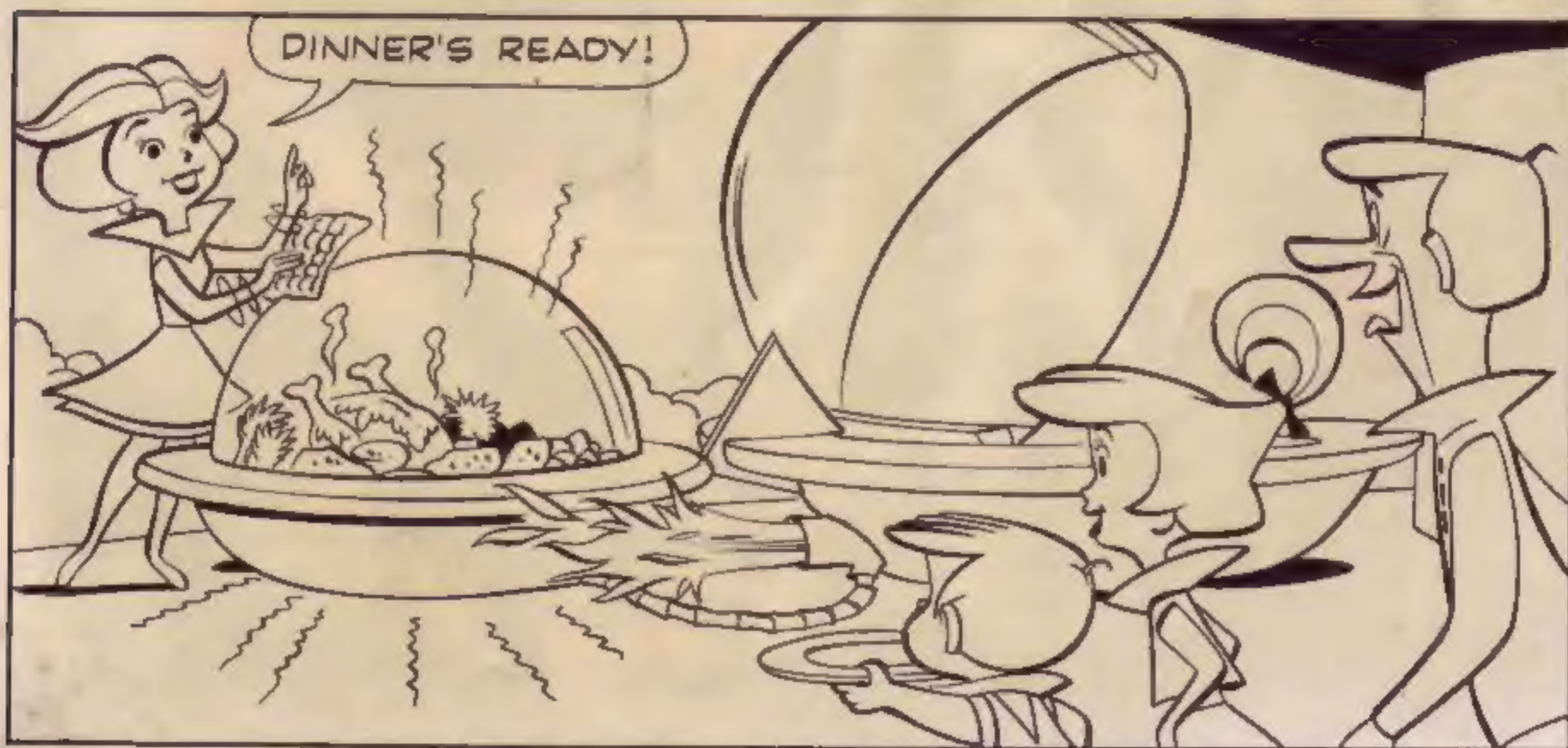
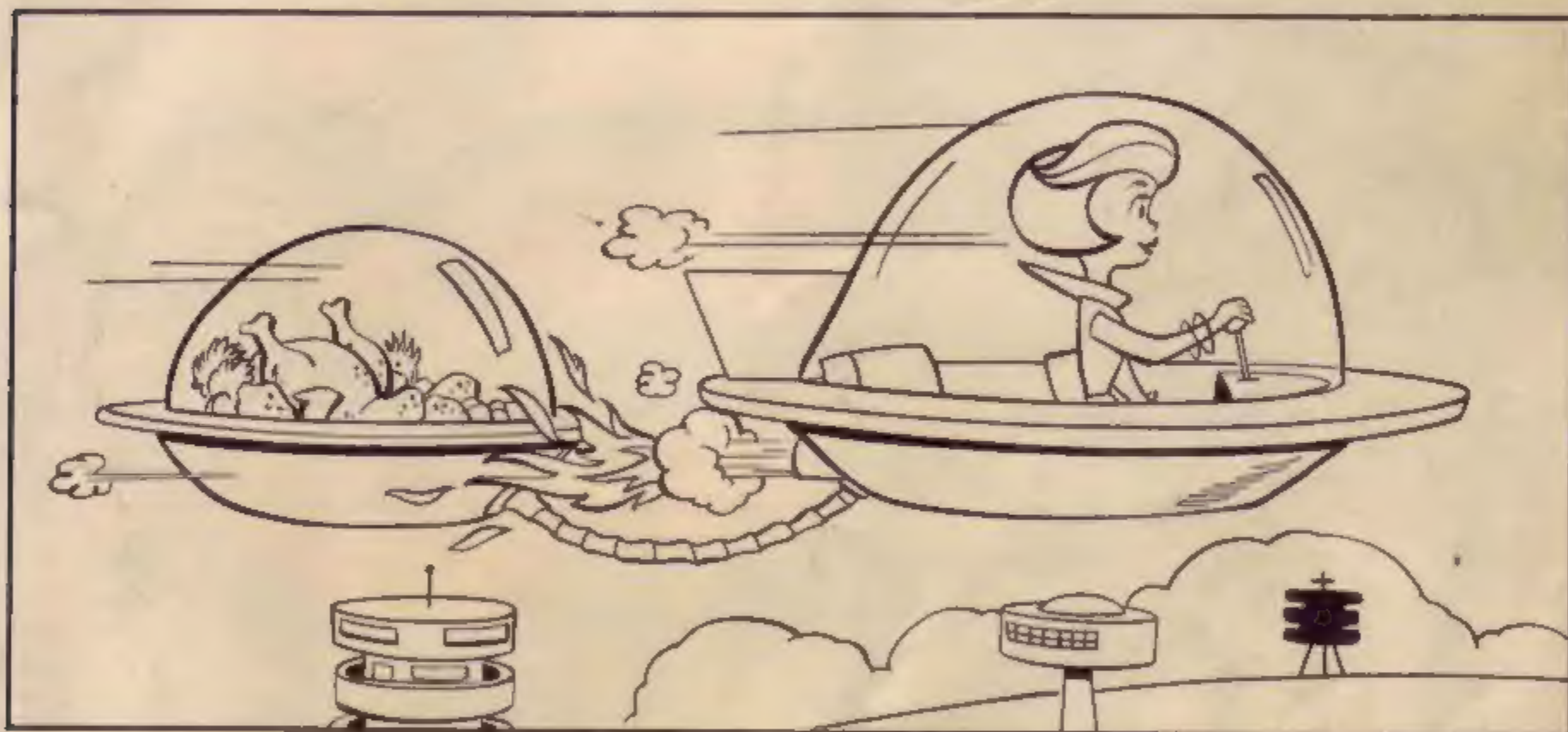
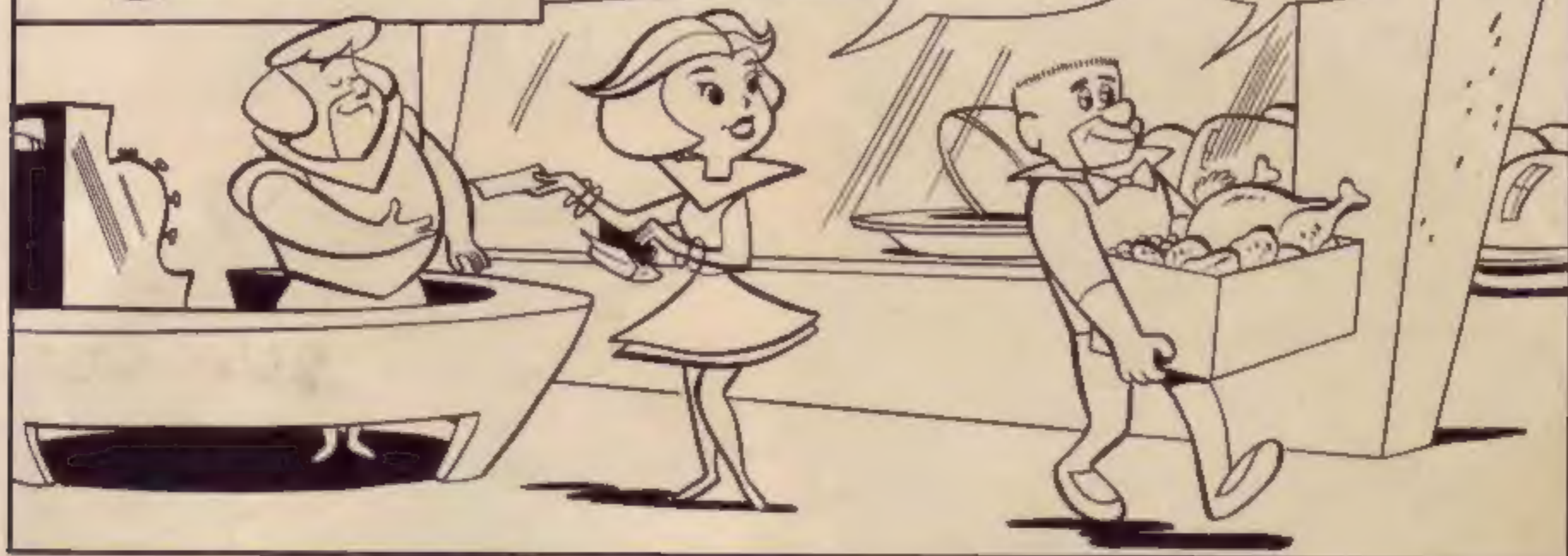


SEE WHAT I HAD  
TO RIDE AROUND ON  
ALL NIGHT?





Hanna-Barbera  
**The JETSONS**

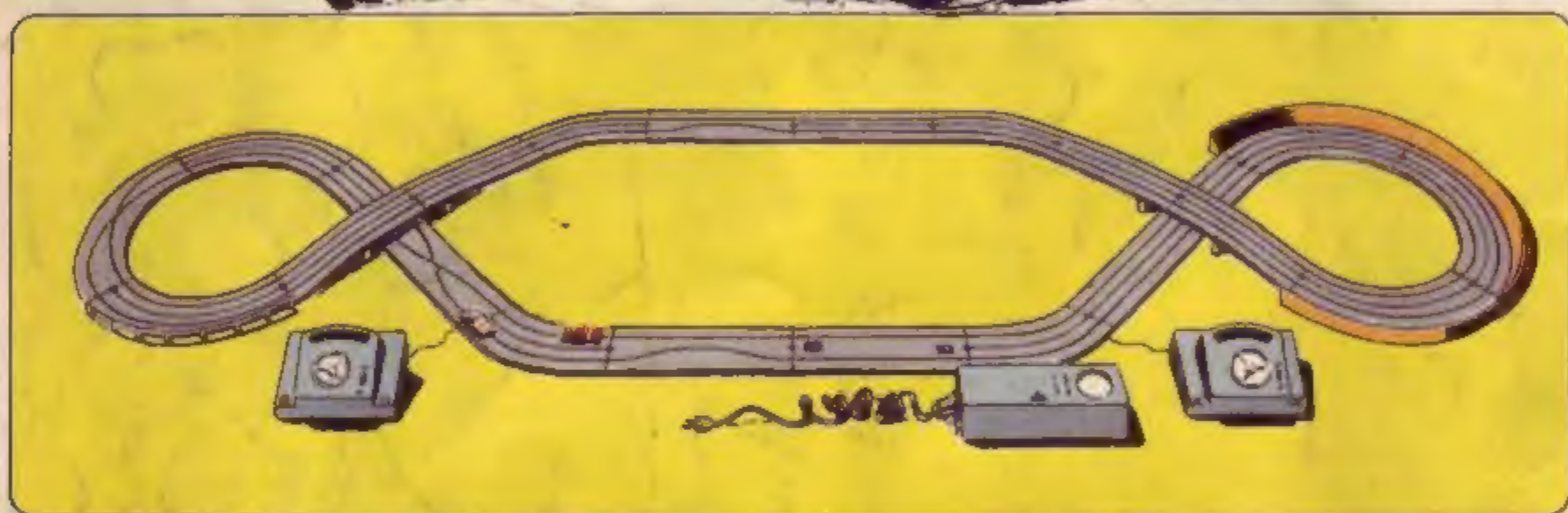
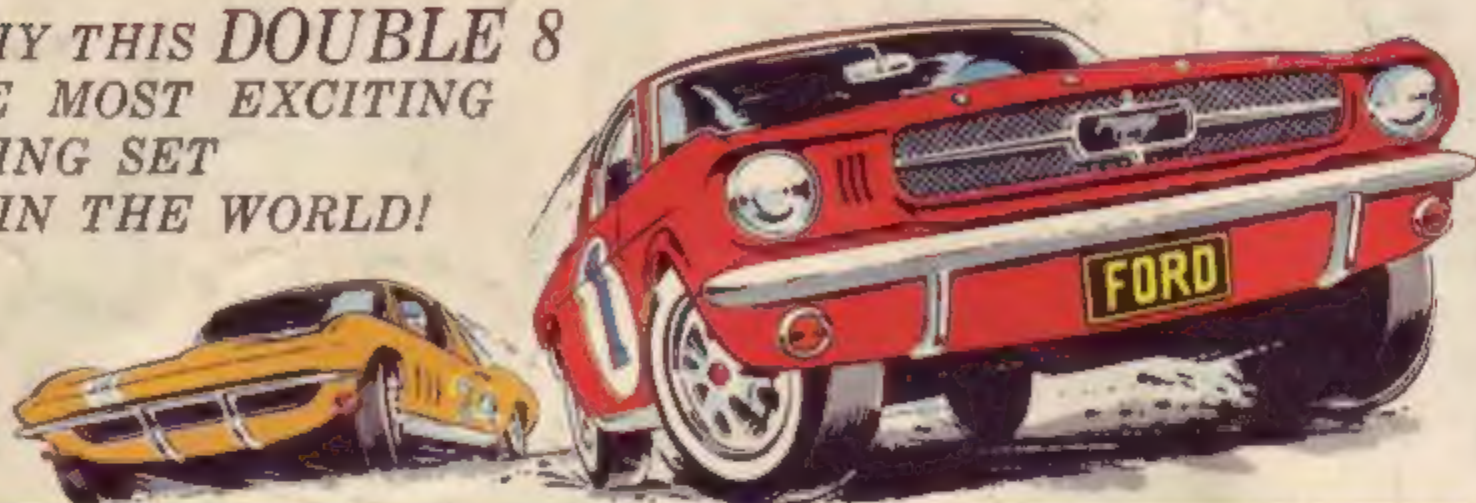




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# MORE FUN!

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